



SHAKSPERE'S JULIUS CÆSAR


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TWENTIETH CENTURY TEXT-BOOKS

EDITED BY

A. F. NIGHTINGALE, Ph.D., LL.D.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, COOK COUNTY, ILLINOIS

TWENTIETH CENTURY TEXT-BOOKS

SHAKSPERE'S

TRAGEDY OF

JULIUS CÆSAR

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

WILLIAM HAMMOND McDOUGAL

THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, BELMONT SCHOOL, BELMONT,
CALIFORNIA.



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PREFACE.

IN a partial revision of this edition the editor has given thankful consideration to such criticisms as have come to his knowledge. Of these, several relate to the foot-notes, which have been thought unnecessarily brief. But the edition was prepared with an eye almost single to the student of average aptitude and interest—not the young genius nor even the eager plodder. Our Average Student has need and probable desire to know what “the Lupercal” was, but to make him follow the word, as if it were an anise bag, through topography into mythology and on into doubtful etymology, as one critic desires, would get him far afield from the play—and the play’s the thing. His interest may be quickened and informed by his being told that “Havoc!”, on the spectral lips, would mean “No quarter!” but it were a needless risk to stretch the tenuous thread of his attention to include, as another critic advises, a merely conjectural earlier meaning. On the whole, it seems best to leave any such supplementary matter to be edged in by the teacher, if a good chance offers. If it find lodgment in the Average Student’s head, well and good; if not—possibly the better for any liking he may have, but probably has not, for the whole subject. Happily even the Charons of the College Entrance Styx demand only an obol of critical knowledge.

The editor has imagined himself taking his younger fellow student, not to a seminar on the play, but to the play itself. On the way the old story of Stratford and

the Bankside is gone over, in the hope that the very human story, slight as it is, may warm the cockles of the student's heart a little. It is a natural next thing to talk of the spacious times whose form and pressure are reflected in the playwright's ample mirror; and this leads to a talk on the way the mirror was fashioned as it was, on its varied reflections, and on the varying lights and shadows—of no imagined mirth and sorrow, we think—that play over it. Somewhat is then said of the Caesar of history and of that part of his significance in history of which the play is an interpretation; this brings the play within the circle of concrete human interests that the student knows something of. Then, with a word on the outlines of the plot, we are at the playhouse, where hints are dropped as the play goes on. These are meant to be such as will not divert our Average Student's eye from the stage but may make it see more discerningly. When the curtain falls, an effort is made to individualize the characters, to interpret the significance of each in the play and the significance of the play itself. Its music, as poetry, is studied as such, not as a matter of mere rhythmical measurements. The usual topic of the date of writing is briefly discussed; and the playwright's treatment of his source is so presented, it is hoped, that the poet's pictures are not overlaid with those of the historian, as may easily result from a study of Plutarch's text.

The editor is indebted to Prof. S. S. Seward, of Leland Stanford Junior University, for a number of helpful suggestions.

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JULIUS CAESAR.

INTRODUCTION.

Shakspeare's Early Life: Influences of Natural and Historical Surroundings.

IN the place of his birth and early life, as truly as in the times in which his whole life was cast, the genius of Shakspeare seems to have been singularly favored. He was born in the midland shire of Warrick, even then known as the Heart of England. The river Avon, threading its leisurely way southwesterly through the county, divides it into nearly equal parts. Southeast of the river the country was then as now mainly open land; northwest of it stretched the great Forest of Arden, in whose haunted depths every reader of *As You Like It* has wandered. Into this forest, nearly a thousand years before Shakspeare's birth, the sturdiest of the early Britons were crowded by the sturdier Teutons. When the blood of the two races ceased to mingle in battle it began to blend in marriage. That in the veins of our greatest poet some Celtic blood was mixed with the Teutonic is not very improbable. "It is not without significance," says the historian Green, "that the highest type of the race, the one who has combined in their largest measure the mobility and fancy of the Celt with the depth and energy of the Teutonic temper, was born on the old Welsh and English borderland, in the forest of Arden."¹

¹ See Ency. Brit., art. Shakespeare, p. 740.

Perhaps before the Saxon invasion a town sprang up in the southern edge of the forest at the point where a Roman road (*strata*) forded the Avon—hence the name, Stratford. At the time of Shakspeare's birth Stratford had perhaps two or three hundred houses, some of which are still standing. One of these, a two-storied, dormer-windowed cottage, whose heavy beams project through the facing of plaster, is known to have belonged to John Shakspeare. He conducted his business, that of a glover and a dealer in hides and wool, on the ground floor. Above this is a low room in which, it is believed, his son William was born, presumably three days before his baptism, which was on April 26, 1564. John Shakspeare was a man of very limited education but of sufficient standing in the town to be elected to several public offices, including that of high bailiff, or mayor. In 1557 he had married Mary Arden, a country girl of somewhat aristocratic ancestry, but of whom we know almost nothing else.

Nor do we know with certainty anything of her son's boyhood. That he was a friendly, free-hearted, and sound-hearted boy is quite certain. His great rival, Ben Jonson, a man not given to soft speech, said of him after his death: "I loved the man and do honor his memory, on this side of idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy; brave and gentle impressions." The boy must therefore have been thoroughly likable, a good comrade, perhaps a little dreamy at times but never "queer." He certainly had a hand in all the right sort of fun, and, according to uniform tradition, in some that was not right. His wholesome love of Nature, his true alma mater, would lead him often into field or forest, where the people of his "excellent fancy" would make the solitudes places of high revelry or stately tragedy. It is thought that no scenery could have excelled

that of Warwickshire as a school for his dramatic genius. Its quiet, companionable beauty was better than would have been the "grandeur and immobility" of the mountains, whose "measureless strength and imperial repose dwarf by comparison all merely human interests." It is with human interests that the dramatic poet has intimately and almost exclusively to do.

Such interests of very impressive kind were brought home to the young poet by the history and legendry with which Warwickshire is crowded. Eight miles up the Avon valley is the town of Warwick; here Shakspeare could stand on the mound where William the Conqueror had built a fortress, or wander about and perhaps within the castle of the great Kingmaker. Five miles further up the valley is Kenilworth; here, as Scott imagines, the boy of twelve may have witnessed the magnificent pageants with which Earl Leicester entertained the great Queen. Five miles still further up the Avon is Coventry, where, in Shakspeare's early boyhood, the ill-fated Mary Stuart was imprisoned; here also were held the most famous of the Miracle Plays, out of which had grown the Elizabethan drama. Thus within a day's tramp lay scenes whose influence on the impressionable boy must have been educative in a high degree. More so, probably, than the tedious work of the Free Grammar School, into which he doubtless entered when about seven years old. The school-day began at six in the morning and continued, with intermissions, until six in the evening. The long hours were given almost wholly to Latin and arithmetic; apparently no history, in which he would have delighted, and but little English were taught.

When about fourteen Shakspeare seems to have been withdrawn from school, probably to assist in the business of his father, who had suffered serious losses in both for-

tune and reputation. According to another tradition the poet became a country school-teacher; possibly he was employed in a lawyer's office, which may account for the familiarity with legal terms and procedure of which his plays give evidence. It is not strange, as Mr. Mabie remarks, that we know as little of Shakspeare's early life as of Cromwell's. There was then little of our present-day interest in the personal history of great men. Nor was there in the provincial town of Stratford any real appreciation of Shakspeare's greatness. The villagers knew him in later life as a prosperous country gentleman, with some reputation as a poet, but whose plays neither they nor he considered as literature. No effort therefore was made to gather and record incidents of his early life.

The only contemporary record preserved to us, besides the entry of his baptism, is his marriage bond. As in the old church in Stratford we may stand beside the broken stone font where the poet received his name, so in a thatched farm cottage a mile east of Stratford we may sit where the young man made love to Mistress Anne Hathaway, a young woman seven years his senior. It may have been from amused memory that he drew his picture of

“——the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.”

His marriage took place when he was eighteen. If it was not a happy one—of which there is some, though quite inconclusive, evidence—the fault could hardly have been his, at least mainly his. That he was fond of his children, two daughters and a son, all born within three years after his marriage, we can not doubt.

It may have been a desire to provide better for his family that led the young father, in or about 1586, to

leave Stratford for London. His leaving may however have been, as credible tradition asserts, to escape the magisterial wrath of Sir Thomas Lucy, upon whose preserves he is said to have been poaching; or it may have been to give his conscious genius its opportunity. Possibly it was due to all these.

We may venture to picture to ourselves the young poet as, some early morning, he sets out across the old bridge to foot it to London. The several portraits and descriptions of him so far agree that we may do this with some confidence. [His compact frame is clad in doublet and hose, doubtless of modest stuff. Set solidly on his ample shoulders is a head as admirably proportioned as is the character it indicates. Auburn hair, somewhat thin, falls loosely about a dome-like forehead. The brows are high and arched. The kindly eyes, hazel in color and somewhat prominent, are almost dreamily thoughtful, with a shade of temperamental melancholy. The nose is finely modeled, rather thin and slightly arched. The full lips are, like the eyes, expressive of warmth and delicacy of feeling; they do not indicate the degree of decision and energy we otherwise know he possessed. On this day all the finer lines and lights of his face are doubtless accentuated, for he can not but be sensitively conscious of the intimate and sacred interests staked on his venture into the world.

In a few days he was in London, facing the problem of bread-and-butter. This he seems soon to have solved by attaching himself to one of the theaters. Tradition says he began by holding the horses of attendants at the play, soon showing his business capacity by hiring a number of boys to assist him. He early became an actor, attaining fair success, though no distinction. His literary craftsmanship began with retouching old plays and with

assisting in writing new ones. The atmosphere of his time was charged with electric excitants to his peculiar genius; it is worth while to note some of the things that conspired to make this so.

Shakspeare and His Times.

In Shakspeare's early childhood he may have known some "lean and slippered pantaloon" old enough to remember the coming of word of the death of Caxton, who had brought to England the new art of printing, also the amazing news that Columbus and Cabot had found a new world. The old man may have heard also, in his youth, of the return from Italy of Colet and his associates, who brought to England its first clear intelligence of the new world of thought, the old world of Homer and Plato, of Virgil and Seneca. The Revival of Learning had begun in Italy two centuries before; in the century after that it had moved over the Alps into France, but there it had been delayed. The delay was England's good fortune, for it permitted the current of the German Reformation to flow into that of the Italian Renaissance and to precipitate much of the pagan immorality which made the study of pagan art and letters so mixed a blessing to the Latin countries. So mingled, the two streams—one flowing from the Greek and Latin literatures, the other from that of the Hebrews—entered England together. The effects of the mingled currents were felt by Shakspeare even in his youth; for at school he was drilled in several Latin and perhaps some Greek classics, and there or at home was evidently familiarized with the Bible. That in London he felt the lift and sweep of the Renaissance as few others did is apparent, though he soon rode the tide as a strong swimmer and was not borne helplessly with it. Of the

effects of the religious movement there is much less evidence, though there is something even of Puritanism in the reverence for conscience and the almost stern sense of moral order shown in his tragedies. And, judged by the standards of his time, even his comedies have singularly little of moral taint. But if he had much of the moral depth of the Puritans he had nothing of their narrowness. It was a large, free, winsome world in which his mind and spirit moved, and nothing human in it was alien to him. It was a world crowded with heroic action as well as with venturing thought: it was the time of the Armada, of daring exploration and exploitation beyond the seas. The natural literary expression of the age was therefore the drama, the literature of action.

Shakspeare and the Elizabethan Drama.

Shakspeare found the dramatists of his day roughly grouped in two schools, according as they were governed by native or foreign dramatic ideals. To understand the differences between these a glance at the development of the English drama is necessary. It had its rise, about the year 1100, with the MIRACLE PLAYS. These were given at first by the priests, in the churches; later they were acted by laymen, often by the trade-guilds, on movable platforms in the streets and other public places. The scenes were taken either from the lives of the saints or from the Bible. On the Continent the biblical plays were usually called *Mysteries*, of which the *Passion Play* of Oberammergau is a survival. Still later rose the MORALITIES, in which personified abstractions—such as Riches, Death, Abominable Living, and Good Deeds—were substituted for biblical characters. One of these, *Everyman*, has been recently revived, with notable success, in Eng-

land and in this country. In course of time the plays were enlivened by the introduction of a comic character, called Vice. Then came the INTERLUDE, a brief farce, in which characters drawn from real life took the place of the bloodless abstractions of the Moralities.

In one of these old plays, as in real life, one train of events may be found tangled with another, may lead from one time to another, from one place to another, and from a scene of rollicking mirth to one of breathless horror. But if this was true to life, the Renaissance scholars thought it untrue to art. They had accepted the artistic canons of the Greek and, especially, the Roman playwrights. When, therefore, the regular COMEDY and TRAGEDY appeared in England they were conformed to the classical Unities (of Time, Place, and Plot), which required, though not unvaryingly, that all which occurred before the audience should be presented as happening at one time—not to exceed a day—and at one place, and that there should be but a single and obvious plot,—no underplot.

But the robust English genius refused to be long bound by the dry withes of an art so alien to the land and age. The impetuous Marlowe snapped these withers; Shakspeare loosened them till they fell off. Doubtless he continued to gain in grace and poise from contact with the Renaissance culture, especially that of Italy; but we soon see him moving in careless ease on heights where the classicists of his day and Pope's, with their stately measured tread, could never set foot.

The degree of Shakspeare's deviation from the classical canons and his final disregard for them are commonly regarded as forming one important basis for grouping his plays into several periods. The variations in verse-form, noted on pages 149 to 152, form another. Some Shak-

sperian scholars, indeed, including those so competent as Dr. Furness and Mr. Saintsbury, insist that the attempts to arrange the plays into periods "are obvious failures." Exact arrangement is certainly impossible, but an approximate grouping is based on good evidence.

Periods of Shakspeare's Career as a Dramatist.

The first period is, approximately, from 1586 to 1595. We may call this the APPRENTICE PERIOD.¹ In it Shakspeare was learning his trade. In retouching old plays and in collaborating with experienced dramatists in writing new ones Shakspeare acquired facile mastery of technic. He attended somewhat to the unities, was liberal in classical allusions, and sought to give each line the normal number of syllables and to end it with a pause. He used much rhyme. His *Comedy of Errors* is an imitation of Plautus. Besides this farcical comedy we may assign to this period the wildly but deliciously fanciful *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the thoroughly Italian love-tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. As the destruction of the Armada, in 1588, and the vast colonial schemes of Raleigh and others had greatly intensified the national consciousness, there was a demand for historical plays and Shakspeare began in this period his series of English "histories," or chronicle-plays, with the three parts of *Henry VI.*, of which the first part was probably an old play retouched.

The second period, about 1596-1600, we may call the PERIOD OF GREAT COMEDIES. In this half-decade he wrote no tragedies; and though he continued his historical plays with *King John*, the two parts of *Henry IV.*, and *Henry*

¹ Dowden calls the four periods: In the Workshop; In the World; Out of the Depths; On the Heights. James Darmesteter uses the terms: Apprentice Years; Period of Expansion (*épanouissement*); Pessimistic Period; Optimistic Period.

V.—the last-named being “a splendid dramatic song to the glory of England”—he put less of himself into them than he put into his comedies. For his life was now in its heyday. He was in high favor with the theater-going public; he was loved by his fellow wits and courted by men of high rank. He was in the mood for merry and genial comedy. To this period we may assign the *Merchant of Venice*, in which he exhibits “entire mastery over his art”; the rollicking *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the delicious *As You Like It*. Christopher Marlowe had now made the romantic drama triumphant over the classical, and Shakspeare fell in heartily with him. He adopted Marlowe’s “mighty line”—the variable blank verse—and rejected the classical unities. His powers now had free play. But sweet and wholesome as his comedies of this period are, we may see creeping into them shadows of an approaching gloom. For this we may conjecture such personal reasons as the death of his only son, Hamnet. But there were reasons quite impersonal. England, always a serious nation, was losing the early exhilaration of the Renaissance. The iridescent dreams of things as they might be were fading in the cold gray light of things as they were—and are. We may detect in the closing comedies of this period something of the bitterness of national as well as personal disillusion which we taste so fully in the following. The melancholy Jacques of *As You Like It* is, says Taine, “a transparent mask behind which we see the face of the poet,” and in the poet’s face we may see reflected the mood of the closing years of Elizabeth’s reign.

The PERIOD OF GREAT TRAGEDIES extended from about 1601 to 1608. The poet’s son had died in 1596; his father died in 1601. In this year also his friend the Earl of Essex led the conspiracy against the Queen, which was as

pitifully ill-conceived and futile as that of Brutus against Caesar; it brought Essex to the headman's block, and Shakspeare's intimate friend, the Earl of Southampton, to the tower. In this year, it is probable, *Julius Caesar* was written, and the conspiracy of Essex may have occasioned its writing. At any rate, taking the period as a whole, we may venture to say of Shakspeare, as Hueffer said of deaf Beethoven: "The grand note of sadness resounding in his compositions is the reverberation of personal suffering." To this period belong the five great tragedies: *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*. All are tragedies of betrayal and failure: of noble natures misled by unreason; of ignoble natures equally misled by passion; all thwarted and avenged by relentless Destiny—or resistless Providence. The atmosphere of each is dark and close, sometimes stifling. Into the darkness come occasional notes of laughter and some of purest and tenderest feeling; but these rather heighten the tragic gloom than relieve it.

Greatly different is the PERIOD OF THE ROMANCES, about 1608 to 1613. In the former year Shakspeare's mother died; possibly this intimate sorrow chastened his spirit and led it to the heights of serene, if saddened, faith, whence he looked out upon life with clearer vision. However this may be, the gloom of the tragedies is past; treachery gives place to tested fidelity; estrangement to reconciliation. The plays, of which *A Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* are the best, are comedies, graver than the earlier ones but highly romantic in motive and incident.

The foregoing effort to arrange the leading plays in order of time and to relate them to changes in the poet's outer and inner life is, of course, almost wholly conjectural. But it accounts for things not otherwise accounted for.

About 1611 Shakspeare retired from active connection with the stage and returned to Stratford to his wife and daughters. He was entitled to bear a coat-of-arms, and had the wealth duly to support the dignity. After a few quiet years he died, in 1616, and was laid to rest in the old church in which he was baptized.

The Historic Setting of the Play.

Julius Caesar is a "play of government," its central action has to do not with personal motives, though these underlie the avowed purpose of all save Brutus, but with political motives. To appreciate these and at the same time to follow the thread of the story more readily it is well to recall the historic setting of the action.

We are led back to the tradition of the Elder Brutus, who

"—did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king,"

and upon the ruins of the kingdom founded, in 509 B. C., the Roman Republic. Rome was then a small city-state, in the center of Italy. It gradually extended its power over all of the peninsula proper, beyond which it had no thought of expanding. But in 264 B. C. its interposition in the affairs of the neighboring island of Sicily led it, much as the interposition of the United States in the affairs of Cuba led our country, to become a "world power." The stride of its conquests was swift and resistless; in the century before the time of the play Rome had become ruler of the Mediterranean world. From the conquered nations came enormous wealth and unnumbered slaves. The riches begat the "avarice and luxury" which Rome's greatest historian, Livy, declared to have been "the ruin of every great State." Undermined by these vices

and by the multiform economic and moral evils of its huge, brutal slave system, Rome was tottering to its fall when there was born the man who was to save it, in spite of itself,—Caius Julius Caesar.

There were at the time of Caesar's birth two forces to be dealt with. On the one side were the wealthy slaveholding aristocrats, represented by the Senate; these were, as a class, both conscienceless and heartless. On the other side were the common citizens. The commoners had two effective sources of power: their legal right to elect the officers, and their numerical strength as a mob which could work a revolution. But they were, as a whole, so ignorant and vicious that the aristocrats commonly controlled them by direct or indirect bribery.

By birth Caesar was an aristocrat, but his lot early fell in with that of the commoners. His aunt married their great leader, Marius; and he himself, a boy of seventeen, married a daughter of Cinna, Marius's lieutenant. Soon after Caesar's marriage Marius was defeated by Sulla, leader of the senatorial party, who commanded Caesar to divorce his wife. But "the boy," in whom Sulla declared there was "many a Marius," nobly refused to do so, though his refusal cost him his office, his wealth, and almost his life. He had committed himself irrevocably to the popular side in the struggle which he foresaw could have but one issue—the downfall of the Republic. He saw also that if the State was to survive its form of government some man must be at hand able to reconstruct the falling framework into a despotism. This man must, like the better Greek tyrants, rest his power on the will of the people, but that will must be absolutely swayed by his own.

With the passing of Marius and Sulla, the arena was left clear for their successors—Caesar, for the people, and

Pompey, for the Senate. Their struggle had ended at Pharsalus, three years before the play opens. Out of the wreck of the Republic Caesar raised an empire, using, however, the forms of the old government. To the title imperator he added those of consul, censor, tribune, and others; but in all but name he was a king. Had he not dallied with that hated title he might have completed the work he had begun. As it was, he made possible the work of his successors, and preserved Rome for five centuries to complete its unique and inestimable contribution to civilization. Our play begins with the forming of conspiracy which ended in Caesar's death.

"In person," says Mr. Froude, "Caesar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. . . . He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding. From his boyhood it was observed that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding."¹ In genius Caesar was many-sided, and great on every side: a soldier, an orator, an author, and above all a constructive statesman; in each respect he ranks among the greatest in history.

Caesar seems to have desired to make his power hereditary, and therefore, having no son, he adopted his grand-nephew, Octavius. When his great kinsman fell, Octavius, a youth of nineteen, dropped his studies and plunged into the turmoil of factions at Rome. At first he sided with the Senate against Antony. But he soon saw it was wise to unite with him and Lepidus in a second triumvirate,

¹ Caesar: a Sketch, ch. xxviii.

whose history is much like that of the first. How Octavius and Antony triumphed over the conspirators against Caesar our play tells. How Octavius then triumphed over Antony and became the sole master of the Roman world is told by Shakspeare in the sequel to our play, *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Of the two other leading characters of *Julius Caesar*, the conspirators Brutus and Cassius, it is sufficient here to say but a few words. Both men, who were brothers-in-law, had fought with Pompey against Caesar, yet had been most generously treated by him, and by his favor held high public office at the time they killed him. Brutus's antagonism was nearly or wholly impersonal; he fought Caesarism, not Caesar. He loved Caesar much, but Rome more; he vainly hoped by sacrificing the one to serve the other. He was a "bookish idealist," who belonged to a past age and could not understand his own. He fought for a losing cause, honorably but blindly. Cassius's quarrel was chiefly a personal one. Plutarch represents him as "hating Caesar privately more than he did tyranny." He so appears in the play.

Structure of the Play.

The play of *Julius Caesar* falls into two parts, distinct in action, in scene, and in all but the leading characters. The first part, which ends with the killing of Caesar, Fleay calls "Caesar's Tragedy"; the remaining scenes he calls "Caesar's Revenge." We may use the terms, but should not let them mislead us. They might seem to justify Fleay's statement that "there are in fact two plays in one." But we think the two parts are inseparable, that they are one thing, as the rise and fall of an arrow or of a tide are one thing. When the arrow is shot, two forces

are put instantly into conflict: that which lifts the arrow and that which drags it down. At no time is either inoperative; but in the rise one force is dominant, in the fall this violent but impermanent force gradually gives way to the greater and enduring one. So with the rise and fall of the tide. Our play gives the rise and fall of a conspiracy. At the outset two forces are in conflict. One of these is predestined to win; this is the spirit of the age, of which "the spirit of Caesar" is the exponent. Against this force, resistless as gravitation, the violent force of conspiracy spends itself impotently. In the first part the tide rises, swells full, and breaks in red fury on Caesar's throne. Then instantly it begins to ebb. Caesar's spirit—the age-spirit—becomes the controlling power. Under its force of moral gravitation the tide recedes; it ebbs swiftly out into the sea of confused passions from which it came, carrying the conspirators helplessly to their ruin. The throne remains, ready for a new Caesar.

The divisions of the play may best be shown by a diagram:

PART I: "CAESAR'S TRAGEDY."

Act I.—III. i. 121.

Principal Characters:

Julius Caesar.	}	{ Brutus.
Antony.	}	{ Cassius.

Minor Characters:

Conspirators, Senators, Tribunes, Citizens, a Rhetorician, a Soothsayer, a Poet, Portia, Calpurnia, Lucius.¹

Scene: Rome.

PART II: "CAESAR'S REVENGE."

Act III. i. 122—V.

Principal Characters:

Octavius Caesar.	}	{ Brutus.
Antony.	}	{ Cassius.

Minor Characters:

Officers, Soldiers, Servants, a Poet, Lucius.¹

Scene: Chiefly the East.

The indebtedness of Shakspeare to Plutarch for almost all the incidents wrought into the plot of *Julius Caesar* is

¹ Lucius is the only minor character appearing in both parts.

noted elsewhere. Yet the plot as a whole is Shaksperc's. Dramatic genius, like architectural genius, may be eminently shown in the selection of details used once or many times by others and the coordination of these details into a new and stately whole. Such use has the poet made of Plutarch's details.

BRIEF BIBLIOGRAPHY.

DR. FURNESS and his son have not yet included "Julius Caesar" in their *Variorum* edition of the plays. The edition by Dr. Homer B. Sprague contains, in very condensed form, notes by many commentators. Other editions of special value are: the Clarendon, edited by William Aldis Wright; the Pitt, edited by A. W. Verity; and the edition of William J. Rolfe.

If one can have but one general work on Shakspeare it may well be Professor Walter Raleigh's *Shakespeare*, "English Men of Letters" series; if another can be added it should be either Edward Dowden's *Shakspeare: His Mind and Art* or Barrett Wendell's *William Shakspeare*. Both Dowden and Wendell discuss at some length the structure, motives, and characters of "Julius Caesar"; these are also very suggestively treated in a chapter in Ulrici's *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*, vol. ii. Professor Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer* is an admirable little work. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* and E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* are standard authorities; the latter includes a full discussion of Shakspeare's prosody. Craig's *English of Shakespeare* is a verbal study of "Julius Caesar." *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist and Man*, by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, is a delightful and helpful study of the poet's life and times, and of his art as related to these. Professor G. P. Baker's *Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist* is especially valuable for its account of the Elizabethan stage, with numerous reproductions of old maps and drawings.

JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
 MARCUS ANTONIUS,
 M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,
 PUBLIUS,
 POPILIUS LENA, } *senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
 CASSIUS,
 CASCA,
 TREBONIUS,
 LIGARIUS,
 DECIUS BRUTUS,
 METELLUS CIMBER,
 CINNA, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *of Cnidos, a teacher of rhetoric.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a poet. Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS,
 TITINIUS,
 MESSALA,
 Young CATO,
 VOLUMNIUS, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO,
 CLITUS,
 CLAUDIUS,
 STRATO,
 LUCIUS,
 DARDANIUS, } *servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi*

JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain COMMONERS.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being mechanical, you ought not walk

Upon a labouring day without the sign

Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou? 5

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am 10
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a

Scene i.—This is simply a prologue. It presents the two factions who are to control the action of the play: Flavius and Marullus represent those of the aristocratic, official class who are hostile to Caesar; the Commoners represent the people, who generally support him.

3. **mechanical**, *i. e.*, mechanics, workmen of all sorts.

4. **sign**, either such as is indicated in line 7, or a badge. The allusion is probably to a custom or law of London, not of Rome.

10. **in respect of**, in comparison with. The word **cobbler** might mean either a mender of shoes or any bungling workman, hence the point of the pun.

safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

15

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

30

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

35

15. **soles.** Compare the play on this word in *The Merchant of Venice* (IV. i.): "Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew, Thou makest thy knife keen."

19. **out, i. e.,** "out at the heels." Note other puns in lines 24-28.

28. **neat's leather.** Neat=cattle. Cf. "neat's-foot oil."

34. **his triumph,** Caesar's fifth "triumph," celebrating his victory over the sons of Pompey, in Munda, Spain. This triumph, being over Roman citizens, gave great offense to many at Rome. It would especially offend the tribunes, whose powers Pompey had greatly increased.

36. **tributaries,** captives who would pay tribute.

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, 40
 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation, 45
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds 50
 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? 55
 Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault, 60
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the COMMONERS.*

See, whether their basest metal be not mov'd; 65
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
 This way will I: disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

50. replication, echo.

53. cull out, pick out.

65. basest metal, extremely base mettle (spirit).

69. ceremonies, decorations; see line 73 and Sc. ii., 286.

Mar. May we do so?

70

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images

Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

75

These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Flourish. Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a SOOTHSAYER.

Caes. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Caes. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Caes. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

71. **Lupercal**, a feast in honor of Lupercus, god of fertility.

74. **the vulgar**, the common people, the rabble (Latin *vulgus*).

77. **pitch**, a term in falconry for the highest flight of a hawk.

The characters of this Scene do not reappear. What do they let us know of the condition of affairs at Rome? What various impressions of "the vulgar" are given? Note: the sudden rise from low comedy to stately eloquence; the use of prose and verse; the use of "you" and "thou" (see note on II. iv., 12).

Enter Caesar, on his way to the Forum to witness the games of the Lupercalia. As one of the priests in charge, Antony is among those who, "running naked up and down the city, anointed with oil of olive, for pleasure do strike them they meet in their way with white leather thongs" (Plutarch).

Ant. Caesar, my lord?

Caes. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchéd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Caesar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

Caes. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Flourish*

Sooth. Caesar!

Caes. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Caes. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Caesar!" Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March!

Caes. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Caes. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

Caes. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March!

Caes. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

7. Calpurnia, Caesar's fourth wife; she was childless. How would Caesar's expressed desire for an heir affect the conspirators?

12. Soothsayer, vates, prophet; sooth = truth.

18. Beware the ides (fifteenth day) of March. Analyze the dramatic effectiveness of this vague note of impending evil sounded at this time and place.

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
 Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
 I'll leave you.

30

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness
 And show of love as I was wont to have:
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
 Over your friend that loves you.

35

Bru. Cassius,
 Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
 I turn the trouble of my countenance
 Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
 Of late with passions of some difference,
 Conceptions only proper to myself,
 Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd—
 Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
 Nor construe any further my neglect,
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.

40

45

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
 By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

50

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
 But by reflection by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

55

29. quick, lively. Antony, called in V. i., 62, a "reveler," is "given to sports, to wildness, and much company" (II. i., 188).

40. passions of some difference, conflicting emotions, viz., his love for Caesar and his love for Rome. This inner struggle of "poor Brutus, with himself at war" gives tragic pathos to his part in the conspiracy.

42. give some soil, somewhat soil, mar. behaviours, manners.

54. 'Tis just, 'tis true. Here, as in numerous other lines, some words are probably left out.

That you have no such mirrors that will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus 64
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me? 65

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard 75
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it? 80

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

71. *jealous on*, distrustful of.

72. *laughèr*, jester, hail-fellow-well-met.

If it be aught toward the general good, 85
 Set honour in one eye and death i' th' other,
 And I will look on both indifferently;
 For let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be as live to be 95
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Caesar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in 105
 And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, 110
 Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

85. toward the general good, the key to Brutus's conduct. See II. i., 11, 12, and V. v., 69-72.

86. honour, public esteem or, perhaps, advancement. in, before.

87. indifferently, impartially. The interpretation is easier if, with Theobald, we read "death" for "both," in which case "indifferently" may mean: "with indifference, unconcern."

91. favour, appearance.

96. such a thing as I, i. e., a mere man, meaning Caesar.

109. hearts of controversy, combative or brave hearts.

I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Caesar. And this man 115
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature and must bend his body,
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly, — ~~would not~~
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans 125
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world 130
 And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world 135
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:

112. **Aeneas**, he was the reputed great-grandfather of Romulus.

122. **from their colour fly**, as a soldier from his "colors."

124. **his**. The neuter "its" was then just coming into use. Shakspeare used both forms.

136. **Colossus**. In Shakspeare's day it was believed that the Colossus of Rhodes (280 feet high) bestrode the harbor of that city.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that "Caesar"?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; 145
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 "Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar."
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd! 150
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man? 155
 Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:

140. *Kepler*, the greatest astronomer of Shakspeare's time, and *Bacon*, the greatest philosopher, believed in some influence of the stars on human affairs. The very word "influence," as well as "disaster" and "ill-starred," reflects the belief in astrology.

152. *the great flood*, that of Deucalion, the Noah of Greek mythology.

156. *Rome* (printed "Roome" in First Folio) rhymes with "room." Such bitter puns in moments of intense feeling are not uncommon in Shakspeare; see III. i., 204-8.

159. *a Brutus once*, *i. e.*, Lucius Junius Brutus; he is assumed, in the play, to be an ancestor of Marcus Brutus. Cassius has appealed to Brutus's personal pride; he now appeals to his family pride. Does he anywhere lay stress on "the general good"?

162. *I am nothing jealous*, I do not doubt.

How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present, 165
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 170
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us. 175

Cas. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Caesar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve; 180
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train: 185
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is. 190

Caes. Antonius!

Ant. Caesar?

Caes. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:

187. The ferret has fierce, red eyes.

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ; 195
 He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Caesar ; he's not dangerous ;
 He is a noble Roman and well given.

Caes. Would he were fatter ! But I fear him not :
 Yet if my name were liable to fear, 205

I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;

He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ; 205
 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves, 210

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd

Than what I fear ; for always I am Caesar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him. 215

[*Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train but CASCA.*]

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak ; would you speak with
 me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
 That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd. 220

205. **he hears no music.** Compare the statement in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.”—V. i.

209. **Such men, etc.** Of the truth of this Cassius gave ample proof in his talk with Brutus.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

225

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted. 230

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: 235
it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted and clapp'd their chapp'd hands and threw 240
up their sweaty night-caps and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refus'd the crown that it had almost chok'd Caesar; for he swoounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst

229. marry, a corruption of Mary (the Virgin); a common exclamation.

237. a crown, a laurel wreath encircled with a white band, "the ancient mark and token of a king" (Plutarch).

246. Night-caps. The pileus, worn by freedmen, resembled a night-cap. See that worn by Liberty on American coins.

not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving 250
the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar swoond?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at
mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness. 255

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure
Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap
him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and dis- 260
pleas'd them, as they use to do the players in the
theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the
common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he 265
pluck'd me ope his doublet and offer'd them his throat
to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,
if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I
might go to hell among the rogues.—And so he fell.
When he came to himself again, he said, If he had 270
done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships
to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches,
where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave
him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be
taken of them; if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, 275
they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

255. *falling sickness*, epilepsy; Caesar had this disease.

266. *pluck'd me* (ethical dative) *ope his doublet*, the close-fitting coat of
the Elizabethan period, at which time actors rarely dressed "in costume."

267. *an*, a shorter form of "and," usually meaning "if." *occupation*,
trade. Casca means: If I had been one of the workingmen. Is not the

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek. 286

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again: but those that understood him smil'd at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news 285 too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth. 290

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit CASCA. 295

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form. 300

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, 305

I will come home to you; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.

brusquerie of Casca a relief from the craftiness of Cassius and the reserve of Brutus?

280. *He spoke Greek.* Cicero was called "the Grecian," for his frequent and correct use of Greek.

297. *quick mettle, lively spirit.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
 Thy honourable metal may be wrought 310
 From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
 For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
 Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
 If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius, 215
 He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely 320
 Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
 And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds 5

Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

309-313. A rather brutally frank piece of cynicism.

315-6. Cassius seems to mean that if *he* were, like Brutus, in Caesar's favor, he would not be influenced against Caesar by any disaffected Cassius. Or "he" of line 316 may refer to Caesar.

322. *seat him, i. e., seat himself.*

This Scene has chiefly served to reveal the characters of Caesar and the leading conspirators. What mental picture have we of each?

3. *the sway*, either "the realm" or "the balanced swing" (Craik).

To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight— 15
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
 Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
 Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me; and there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. 25
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 "These are their reasons; they are natural"; 30
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 35
 Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

For Plutarch's description of this night see page 155. The elevated style of Casca's words here is in striking contrast with his brusque speech in the preceding scene. He there spoke in prose, here in verse.

26. *bird of night*, the owl. Pliny says, "The screech-owl betokeneth always some heavy news, and is most execrable and accursed."

32. *climate*, region, country.

Casca. He doth; for he bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

46

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults. 45

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And, thus unbracéd, Casca, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods by tokens send 55

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

And put on fear and case yourself in wonder, 60

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

48. unbracéd, with doublet open.

49. thunder-stone, thunder-bolt, a stone supposed to fall with the lightning.

60. case, encase, clothe. Most editors read "cast yourself," throw yourself into.

But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate, 65
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,— 75
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow 85
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

63-7. Birds and beasts, like old men and children, act contrary to their natures. Ordinance, that which is ordained, established, natural.

77. prodigious, portentous, threatening.

82. our fathers' minds. Note the emphasis on "minds." Cassius here gives the reason which made some Caesar necessary, lest there be another Sulla.

85-9. Caesar was about to go on an expedition against the Parthians, who, the Sibylline books declared, could be conquered only by a king.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius: 90
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit; 95
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.* 100]

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep: 105
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
 Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
 What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate 110
 So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
 Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
 Before a willing bondman; then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent. 115

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:

90-102. Suicide is a strangely frequent motive in Shakspeare's tragedies.

117. fleering, deceitfully smiling.

Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise

Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me

In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;

And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could 140

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,

118. **Be factious**, form a faction, a party. **grieves**, grievances.

128. complexion of the element, aspect of the sky.

135. one incorporate to, one identified with.

Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
 In at his window ; set this up with wax 145
 Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
 See Brutus at his house : three parts of him
 Is ours already, and the man entire 155
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
 And that which would appear offence in us,
 His countenance, like richest alchemy, —
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
 You have right well conceited. Let us go,
 For it is after midnight ; and e'er day
 We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

147. *Pompey's porch*, a colonnade of Pompey's theatre.

159. *alchemy*, another anachronism. The attempt to change base metals into gold began in the Middle Ages.

What are the dramatic values of the full and detailed account, in this Scene, of the "fearful night," with its "strange sights" ? How does the supernatural element affect a modern audience ?

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!—

I cannot by the progress of the stars,

Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—

When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius! 5

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,

10

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd:

How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

Scene.—This scene in Brutus's garden (not "orchard" in the modern sense) is one of the two night scenes in the play, the other being that in Brutus's tent (IV. iii).

10-34. This gives the conclusion of a long mental struggle. It shows Brutus's fatal fault—his political pedantry, which befogs his brain and stifles his heart. It decides him to kill the one whom he loves and whom he calls (IV. iii., 22) "the foremost man of all this world," not for what Caesar has done, but merely for what he "may" do.

11. *spurn at, strike at.*

12. *But* (I will do so) *for the general* (good). Others take "general" as a noun—"the people."

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that ;— 15
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,
 I have not known when his affections swayed 20
 More than his reason. [But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,]
 Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back, 25
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. So Caesar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented, 30
 Would run to these and these extremities;
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. 35
 Searching the window for a flint, I found

15. *craves*, requires. *Crown him*. It was proposed to make Caesar king over the provinces only (I. iii., 86-9), as the English sovereign is "emperor" over India only. It was the *title* "rex" which Brutus so hated and feared; for Caesar had long exercised the most regal *powers*, even in Italy, without abusing them (lines 20, 21).

19. *remorse*, mercy, or pity.

20. *affections*, passions.

21. *common proof*, common experience.

26. *base degrees*, lower rounds (of "the ladder").

27. *So Caesar may*. On the question of Brutus's motives see p. 140.

28. *prevent* (from *pre venio*), "get ahead of" him.

28-30. The sense is: Since our course will not seem justified by what Caesar now is, we will present the case thus: **that what he is**, etc.

This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air

Give so much light that I may read by them. 45

[*Opens the letter and reads.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up. 50

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated 55

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. 60

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

44. *exhalations*, meteors, supposed to be exhaled from the clouds.

56. I make thee promise. I promise thee. The emphasis in the following lines is upon "redress" and "full,"

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar
 I have not slept.
 Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

65

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
 Who doth desire to see you.

70

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir, their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
 And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
 That by no means I may discover them
 By any mark of favour.

75

Bru. Let 'em enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
 Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
 When evils are most free? O, then by day
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

80

64. motion, impulse (to the act.)

65. phantasma, vision.

66. The genius and the mortal instruments, probably, one's guardian spirit and one's own human powers; or, one's reason and passions; or, one's soul and bodily powers.

70. brother, brother-in-law.

72. more, more.

73, 74. hats, cloaks, Elizabethan dress, of course.

77. O conspiracy, etc. What evidence here of the "insurrection" in Brutus's mind?

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

85

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here

90

But honours you; and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber. 95

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper apart.

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here? 100

Casca. No.

83. The meaning is: "If thou goest about showing thy true character." Some read "put" for "path" and omit the comma.

84. *Erebus*, the region of utter darkness between earth and hades.

100-110. This commonplace talk not only fills in the time while Cassius "sounds" Brutus, but, as Verity says, "lends indescribable naturalness and reality" to the scene.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises, 105
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here. 110

[BRUTUS and CASSIUS approach the others.]

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes, 115
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour 120
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath 125
Than honesty to honesty engag'd
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

113-114. *if not the face*, etc. The meaning seems to be: "If the faces of the people (who look appealingly to us), the sufferings of our own souls, the public wrongs,—if these," etc. For "face" some read "faith" (in which case "men" is emphatic and refers to the conspirators); others read "fate." Note that Brutus at once assumes the leadership.

118. *by lottery*, at the time allotted (by destiny or by the tyrant). Steevens thought there may be allusion to decimation—"the selection of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment."

124. *secret Romans*, Romans pledged to secrecy.

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear 130
 Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or our performance
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood 135
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him? 140
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds: 145
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing 150
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

128. **cautelous**, crafty.

129. **carrions**, worthless persons.

132. **even**, unblemished.

133. **insuppressive mettle**, insuppressible ardor.

143. **silver** "suggests 'purchase' and 'buy' in the following lines"

(Wright).

149. **break with**, communicate with.

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar, 155
 Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far
 As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
 Let Antony and Caesar fall together. 160

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
 To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
 Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
 For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius. 165
 We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
 O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
 And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
 Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, 170
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage, 175
 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary and not envious:
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murtherers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him; 180

163. *envy afterwards*, malice shown after the death of the one killed.

168. *Caesar's spirit*. This is that which they could not "come by" when they did "dismember Caesar." See III. i., 270-5.

175. *their servants* are doubtless the "mortal instruments" of line 66.

180-2. In the first reason given for sparing Antony (lines 161-5) Brutus shows too much humanity to be a fit leader for such a conspiracy; here he shows too little insight into men.

For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him ;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :

If he love Caesar, all that he can do

185

Is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar :

And that were much he should ; for he is given

To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

190

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three. . .

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no ;

For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once

195

Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

200

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

186. **take thought**, become melancholy.

187. **And that were much** (for *him* to do, if) **he should** (do so).

191. The water-clock (*clepsydra*) of the Romans did not strike. What dramatic purposes does the striking of the clock serve ?

196. **ceremonies**, religious rites or the omens deduced from them.

197. **apparent prodigies**, "manifest portents" (Rolfe).

203. **betray'd with trees**, caught by burying their horns in trees behind which the hunters have dodged (Steevens).

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers; 205
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says he does, being then most flattered.
 Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
 And I will bring him to the Capitol. 210

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey: 215
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus. 220
 And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
 What you have said, and show yourselves true Ro-
 mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
 ' Let not our looks put on our purposes,
 But bear it as our Roman actors do, 225
 With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
 And so good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies, 230

204. **glasses**, mirrors, flashed in the bears' eyes, blinding them.

205. **toils**, nets.

226. **formal constancy**, "dignified self-possession" (Wright). Others take it to mean merely outward unconcern.

230. **figures . . . fantasies**, imaginations, such as haunt Brutus and keep him "awake all night" (l. 88).

Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning. 235

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across, 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;

Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not, 245
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, 255
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed. 260

241-9. Note that Brutus is not a "faultily faultless" character.

250. effect of humour. An allusion, seemingly, to the old belief that

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical

To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

265

270

275

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

280

285

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,

any disturbed condition of mind was due to the predominance of one of what were deemed the four chief "humors" (fluids) in the body—blood, phlegm, choler, and bile.

261. physical, medicinal, wholesome.

271. charm, conjure.

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

290

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.

295

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.

I have made strong proof of my constancy,

Giving myself a voluntary wound

300

Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

305

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows:

Leave me with haste.

[*Exit PORTIA.*

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

310

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

305. **by and by**, very soon; so always in Shakspeare.

308. **all the charactery of**, all the writing on.

311. **Caius Ligarius**. Recall lines 214-19.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

315

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

320

325

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

330

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then.

[*Exeunt.*]

315. **kerchief**, literally a head covering (*couvre chef*); here probably a bandage.

323. **an exorcist**. In Shakspeare, "to exorcise means to *raise* spirits, not to *lay* them" (Mason).

324. **mortified** has here its literal sense—dead.

331-4. **I follow you, To do I know not what**. Brutus has not over-estimated his ability to "fashion" Ligarius. Note in this long Scene the varied aspects in which Brutus appears. We see him before the scenes, dealing with scheming politicians, and behind them, with his devoted wife and friend. We even, as it were, see him in the intimacy of the dressing-room where (lines 10-34) he puts on the mask of conspiracy, whose "monstrous visage" he hates.

SCENE II. *Caesar's house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his night-gown.

Caes. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
“Help! ho! they murder Caesar!” Who’s within?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord?

Caes. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[Exit.

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Caes. Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten’d me 10
Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen, 15
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn’d, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;

(Stage directions.) **night-gown**, dressing-gown.

5. **do present** (immediate) **sacrifice**. Cf. II. i., 193-6.

6. **success**. Probably here: succeeding events; the future.

9. **You shall not stir**. Note throughout this interview its contrast with that between Brutus and Portia.

13. **stood on ceremonies**, put dependence on omens.

The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
 O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

25

Caes. What can be avoided
 Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
 Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
 Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
 princes.

30

Caes. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.

35

Re-enter SERVANT.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

40

Caes. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
 Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

24. shriek and squeal. In the description of this same night given in *Hamlet* (I. i.) the ghosts are said to "squeak and gibber." Note the effectiveness of the imitative words (onomatopes). Why is "yawn'd" (l. 18) better than "opened"? "drizzled" (l. 21) than "dropped"? By what other devices does Shakspeare make this unreal scene realistic?

25. all use, "all we are used to" (Rolfe).

32-37. Cowards die, etc., one of the few quite sane utterances put in Caesar's lips.

40. Plutarch says it was Caesar who, offering sacrifice, found a beast without a heart.

No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he: 45
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caes. Mark Antony shall say I am not well; 55
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Caes. And you are come in very happy time, 60
To bear my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Caes. Shall Caesar send a lie? 65
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

57. **Here's Decius Brutus.** It was he, not Marcus Brutus, who was the intimate friend of Caesar.

65. **Shall Caesar send a lie?** Note (l 55) that he intended to do so had Mark Antony been the messenger.

67. **graybeards,** spoken in contempt. Caesar showed slight respect for the Senate, who, perhaps, deserved no more.

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Caes. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home. 75
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents 80
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 85
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come, 95
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper, 100

89. **cognizance**, a term in heraldry for a badge or other distinguishing device. Decius means that it will be considered a distinction to have, as

"Lo, Caesar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Caes. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia! 105
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Caes. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

Caes. I thank you for your pains and courtesy. 115

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Caes. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.

a relic, a handkerchief tinctured (dyed) in Caesar's blood, or even one stained with it.

103. your proceeding, your advancement (*i. e.*, to the kingly title and power).

104. reason, prudence. Decius means that prudence would deter him from opposing Caesar, but prudence is overcome by ("liable to") his love.

116. Antony, that revels long o' nights. In the next Act Antony lays hold of affairs with masterly energy. What dramatic value is there in first presenting him as a trifling reveler?

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus. What, Trebonius! 120

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar, I will: [*Aside*] and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further. 125

Caes. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent 5 against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this. 10

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

124-5. Is not this aside rather melodramatic?

128. every like is not the same. Brutus's meaning is clear if we keep in mind Caesar's words: "*like friends.*"

129. yearns, grieves. *Cf.* i., 77-81.

7. security gives way to, carelessness (or over-confidence) opens the way to.

8. lover, friend. Artemidorus, a lecturer on Greek rhetoric. Plutarch says that "by means of his profession [he] was very familiar with certain of Brutus's confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Caesar."

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.—
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there. 5
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him. 15
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

12. emulation, envy.

Scene iv.—It is evident that Brutus has kept his promise to confide in Portia, who is half distracted by the secret.

12. **you.** The present Scene gives good occasion to note the former use of "you" and "thou." "You" is properly plural. Its use in the singular was originally a mark of courtesy to a superior; later, to an equal. The use of "thou," like that of the German *du*, was peculiar. It was used to inferiors, as here to Lucius and the Soothsayer, but also to Deity; to those for whom the speaker wished to express contempt, also to intimate friends as a mark of affection.

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

20

Enter the SOOTHSAYER.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,

25

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar

To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards
him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,

Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,

35

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus,

40

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

17. Prithee, (I) pray thee.

18. bustling rumour, confused noise. Is the *motif* of this scene to be found in lines 9 and 39, 40? Or is the scene intended to impart Portia's excitement to the audience, to arouse us to nervous expectancy?

[*To herself*] Sure, the boy heard me: [*To Lucius*]

Brutus hath a suit

That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry: come to me again,

45

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting within.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER. Flourish. Enter CAESAR; also the conspirators, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA; also ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Caes. [*To the Soothsayer.*] The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

Caes. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Caes. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[CAESAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.]

1-12. In these opening lines Shakspeare plays on our feelings with subtle mastery. He puts us in the position of helpless spectators who watch a man slipping on the edge of an abyss and disdaining the rope that is flung to him.

3. *schedule*, used of any writing.

8. *What touches us*, etc. Plutarch says that Caesar tried to read the writing, but was prevented by the pressure of the crowd. Note how much Shakspeare gains by imputing to Caesar at this moment such lofty unconcern for his own welfare.

12. *the Capitol*, the magnificent temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to CAESAR.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

15

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

20

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

25

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is addressed: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

30

[*CAESAR takes his seat.*

Caes. Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Caesar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,—

[*Kneeling.*

Caes. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

35

Hill. The Senate sometimes met there, but the meeting on this day was really in Pompey's Theater.

22. **be constant**, be self-contained, calm. Brutus's composure is perfect.

25-30. **Trebonius knows his time**, etc. Note the several parts arranged for Trebonius, Metellus Cimber, and Casca.

These crouchings and these lowly courtesies
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
 And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
 Into the law of children. Be not fond,
 To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood 40
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
 Low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished:
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, 45
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear 50
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar,
 Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Caes. What, Brutus!

38. **pre-ordinance and first decree**, "what has been pre-ordained and decreed from the beginning. Caesar speaks as if his ordinances and decrees were those of a deity" (Wright).

39. **children**, the word is emphatic. **Be not fond, To think**, be not so foolish as to think.

47, 48. The sense seems to be: Know that Caesar doth not act without good cause, nor "without cause" shown to him "will he be satisfied" that he should reverse any act (as in the case of Publius Cimber). He does not reprove the conspirators for seeking to have him recall Cimber, but for trying to do this by flattery, or by what we now call "a pull." They have offered "sweet words" and "low-crooked court'sies"; he demands reasons.

49. **Is there no voice**, etc. Even after Caesar demands reasons for the recall none are offered. Instead, Metellus asks for a voice "to sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear"; Brutus merely "desires," and Cassius merely "begs." There seems to be a deliberate purpose to irritate Caesar into taking such an arrogant attitude as he assumes in lines 58-73.

54. **freedom of repeal**, "free, unconditional recall" (Craik).

Cas. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon: 55
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Caes. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
 But I am constant as the northern star, 60
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place: 65
 So in the world: 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet in the number I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he, 70
 Let me a little show it, even in this;
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Caesar,—

Caes. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar,—

Caes. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? 75

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA stabs CAESAR; then so do the other Con-
 spirators, MARCUS BRUTUS last.]

Caes. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar! [Dies.

67. *apprehensive*, "intelligent (in contrast with the stars)" (Al-
 den).

74. *Olympus*, the seat and symbol of divine sovereignty. Note this
 ecstasy of arrogance a moment before he falls, "a bleeding piece of
 earth."

77. *Et tu, Brute*, and *thou*, Brutus! These words had been put into
 Caesar's lips by earlier playwrights. There is no historical authority for
 them, although Suetonius has the even more pathetic cry: "And thou,
 my son! (καὶ σὺ τέκνον)."

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, 80
 "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
 Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too. 85

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
 Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
 There is no harm intended to your person, 90
 Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
 But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony? 95

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd;
 Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
 As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
 That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
 Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

80. pulpits, the rostra in the Forum.

85. Where's Publius? Brutus's thoughtfulness for this old man is characteristic; so also is his stopping to philosophize, further on (ll. 98-100).

So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
 His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop, 105
 And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
 Let's all cry "Peace, freedom and liberty!" 110

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
 In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
 That now on Pompey's basis lies along 115
 No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
 So often shall the knot of us be call'd
 The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
 Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels 120
 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a SERVANT.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: 125
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

113. The English state and tongue ("accent") are, of course, suggested.

115. *Pompey's basis*, the base of the statue of Caesar's great antagonist. What is asserted to be this statue was unearthed in Rome in 1553. For an account of it see Rolfe's edition of the play, p. 193.

121. *most boldest*. For another instance of the use of the double superlative, for emphasis, see III. ii., 179. Shakspeare uses also the double comparative, as "more better" and "more braver" (*Tempest* I. ii., 19, 439).

122. The catastrophe (i.e. the turning point) of the play.

126. *Brutus is noble*, etc. For the sincerity of this see V. v., 68-75, and note. Antony chooses the epithets that will most flatter Brutus; he

- Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
 Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
 Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
 So well as Brutus living; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus 135
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
- Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 140
 He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.
- Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]
- Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.
- Cas.* I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still 145
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
- Bru.* But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

- Ant.* O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.— 150
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

then veils his flattery by praising Caesar also, yet without using the terms which most pleased Brutus—"noble" and "honest."

145. still, always or usually. So generally in Shakspeare.

146. Falls shrewdly to, etc., hits the mark.

152. rank, too full of blood, therefore needing to be bled.

If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich 155
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, 165
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms no strength of malice; and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in 175
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

176-8. With all kind love, etc. Antony's clever acting has won

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; 185
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
 Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
 Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say? 190
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.—
 That I did love thee, Caesar, O 'tis true:
 If then thy spirit look upon us now, 195
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave
 hart;
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand, 205
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie! 210

Brutus's heart. But the shrewder Cassius talks to Antony not of "love" and "reverence" but of a share in the spoils of office, political patronage.

188. **my valiant (!) Casca.** See V. i., 43, 44.

206. **Sign'd in thy spoil**, marked with thy death, alluding to the "bloody fingers" (l. 198). **lethe**, death. There may be intended a comparison of the streaming blood of Caesar with Lethe, "the river of oblivion." For "lethe" some read "death."

207-8. **hart . . . heart.** Puns on these words occur also in *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It*.

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Caesar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;

But what compact mean you to have with us? 215

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point by looking down on Caesar.

Friends am I with you all and love you all, 220

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons

Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.

Our reasons are so full of good regard

That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar, 225

You should be satisfied.

Ant. • That's all I seek;

And am moreover suitor that I may

Produce his body to the market-place,

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

Speak in the order of his funeral. 230

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.

[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do; do not
consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:

212. shall say this, *i. e.*, shall say as much as this in praise of Caesar.

216. prick'd, checked off, as with the point of a stylus. in number, the omission of "the" in this phrase, and of "go" in the next line, illustrate Shakspeare's condensed style.

226. That's all I seek. Antony does seek to be "satisfied," but not with Brutus's "reasons." The means to his satisfaction is to get the body of Caesar, with permission to speak over it.

231. You shall, Mark Antony. This blunder of Brutus is fatal.

Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon: 235

I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall 240
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, 245
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers! 255
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

242. *It shall advantage.* The unworldly Brutus never doubts his worldly wisdom. Compare his "practical" reasons for his first great blunder, II. i., 176-9. Doubtless his real motives are humanity in the one case and generosity in the other.

255. The mask is off. The "gentlemen," "princes," and "choice and master spirits" (ll. 151, 163, 209) become "*these butchers.*"

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips 260
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use 265
 And dreadful objects so familiar
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge, 270
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial. 275

Enter a SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280

O Caesar!— [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming? 285

269. custom of, familiarity with.

270. Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge, is to dominate the remainder of the play.

271. Ate, in Greek tragedy the goddess of revenge.

273. Havoc! Only a monarch or other commander-in-chief could give this dread command. It forbade the giving of quarter.

273. the dogs of war are given in *Henry V.* as "famine, sword, and fire."

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

290

295

[*Exeunt with CAESAR'S body.*]

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of CITIZENS.

Citizens. We will be satisfied! let us be satisfied!

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

5

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Caesar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, 10
 When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the CITIZENS.*]

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.

286. to-night. In reality Octavius did not reach Rome until two months later.

Scene ii.—See pages 143–4.

1. Note that this unorganized mob imperiously demands to be "satisfied." The imperious days of the Senate are past.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me 15
for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour,
that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom,
and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of
Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was 20
no less than his. If then that friend demand why
Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not
that I lov'd Caesar less, but that I lov'd Rome more.
Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves,
than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As 25
Caesar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate,
I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but,
as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for
his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour;
and death for his ambition. Who is here so base 30
that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him
have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not
be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.
Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If
any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a 35
reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more
to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question
of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not 40

12. **Brutus is ascended**, *i. e.*, into the New Rostra, built by Caesar, at the north end of the Forum.

17. **censure**, judge. *Cf.* Latin *censeo*.

28. **he was ambitious**. For this they are to take Brutus's word.

39. **question**, reason.

40. **enroll'd**, recorded.

extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; 45
as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house. 50

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Cit. Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,— 55

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony, 60
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

41. *extenuated*, depreciated.

42. *enforced*, magnified.

53, 54. The variable and impulsive crowd, who have applauded Caesar's refusal of the crown, would, apparently, crown Brutus! Does this awaken in Brutus the indignation that the same proposal did in Washington, whom Brutus in many respects resembles?

57. To leave Antony alone with the crowd was Brutus's third tactical blunder.

I do entreat you, not a man depart

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;

65

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

70

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

75

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him:

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

80

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it were a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

67. **beholding**, beholden, under obligations to.

71. Note how unfriendly an audience Antony faces, and by what gradual steps he converts their antipathy to Caesar into passionate sympathy.

76 ff. Consider the reasons for having Brutus speak in prose, Antony in verse. Brutus talks of himself, Antony of Caesar. What effect has this upon the form and tone of the speeches?

78, 79. Compare the lines in *Henry VIII.* (IV. iii., 45, 46): "Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water." Is the sentiment of these passages true to life?

81. **Hath told you.** Against Brutus's mere assertion Antony opposes several facts.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honourable man ;

85

So are they all, all honourable men—

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

90

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

95

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?

100

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;

105

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

110

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

92. *general coffers*, public treasury.

93. *Did this*, etc. Why is it here, as often, better to use a question than a declaration ?

110. *I must pause*. Few elements of oratory are so effective as a rightly timed pause, especially when caused by the effort to suppress strong feeling.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
crown ;

115

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

120

Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

125

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men :

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

130

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar ;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament,—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—

And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds

135

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

118. **red as fire with weeping.** There is no reason to suppose his grief to be feigned. It was his "ingrafted love" to Caesar which caused Cassius to fear him.

131. **here's a parchment.** Historically the will was not made known at this time or in this way. What does Antony gain by showing the will and hinting at its contents, yet not reading it?

136. **napkins**, handkerchiefs. Recall Decius's words, II. ii., 88, 89.

And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

140

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony !

All. The will, the will ! we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

145

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad :

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it !

Fourth Cit. Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;

150

You shall read us the will,—Caesar's will !

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it :

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar ; I do fear it.

155

Fourth Cit. They were traitors : honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers : the will ! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

160

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

165

[ANTONY comes down from the pulpit.]

Fourth Cit. A ring ; stand round.

148, 149. 'Tis good, etc., a rather bald trick to disclose what is pretended to be withheld.

154. honourable. For the first time, we may suppose, Antony utters the word with undisguised irony. He can do so safely, for the Fourth

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back! 170

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii. 175

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it, 180

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all; 185

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statuë, 190

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Citizen is ready to echo the word (l. 150) with angry scorn. Antony has already won his forensic triumph.

175. **overcame the Nervii.** The rejoicings in Rome over this were, says Plutarch, greater than "for any victory that was ever obtained." The Nervii were a fierce tribe in northwest Gaul.

181, 182. **As rushing**, etc., as if rushing out of doors to learn if it really was Brutus who so unkindly knocked.

183. **angel**, guardian angel, second-self; a term of endearment.

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

195

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

[*Lifting CAESAR'S mantle.*

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

200

Sec. Cit. O noble Caesar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd.

205

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him!

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

210

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

215

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

199. **traitors.** As he draws aside the mantle, Antony throws aside all reserve also. Note the climax: first, Caesar's will; then, his mantle; then, his mangled body.

210-15. Note the changed tone of Antony's words. Is he for the moment awed by the frenzy he has aroused? Does his better nature shrink from the horrors of what the maddened mob may do?

213. **private griefs**, personal grievances.

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him. 220
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths, 225
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. 230

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony! 235

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the
will. 240

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Caesar! 245

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tiber : he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
 Here was a Caesar ! when comes such another ?

250

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

255

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

260

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS, *with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
 Take thou what course thou wilt !

Enter a SERVANT.

How now, fellow !

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

265

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
 And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

270

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

251. **common pleasures**, public pleasure-grounds.

263. **Octavius**, the grand-nephew and heir of Caesar, was but nineteen years old ; but, on his arrival at Rome, he soon showed that "in cool cunning he outmatched even the political veterans at the capitol" (Botsford).

SCENE III. *A street.**Enter CINNA the poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
 And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,
 Yet something leads me forth.

Enter CITIZENS.

First Cit. What is your name? 5

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly. 10

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do
 I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then,
 to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and 15
 truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that
 marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Pro-
 ceed; directly.

Scene iii.—The dream of Cinna and the attack by the mob, who mistook the poet Cinna for the conspirator of that name, are given by Plutarch.

2. **unluckily**, unlucky, portentous; adverb for adjective. In Shakespeare, "almost any part of speech can be used as any other part" (Abbott) Cf. "path" as a verb (II. i., 83), and "like" as a noun (II. ii., 128).

18. **bear me a bang**, get from me a blow. Is this Scene to be taken quite seriously? Do not the absurd question of the Fourth Citizen (l. 8), the bewilderment of Cinna, the grim jokes of lines 17-19 and 30, taken with the omission to indicate that any injury was really done the poet (who, according to Plutarch, was killed), lend a half-farcical air to the scene? May it not be intended rather to relieve our excited feelings than further to excite them?

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

20

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

25

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his
bad verses!

30

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but
his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-
brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to
Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligari-
us': away, go!

35

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

5

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,

The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

Scene i.—Shakspeare has passed over the confused strife of factions which followed Caesar's death and which issued in the formation of the Second Triumvirate. The Triumvirs are preparing a list for a proscription. Each desires to include all his enemies, among whom are some friends, and even kinsmen, of the others. The light-hearted way in which they "damn" friend and foe is evidence that their pity is "chok'd with custom of fell deeds." The meeting really occurred on an island in the river Rhenus, in northern Italy, eighteen months after Caesar's death.

6. **damn**, condemn. The word is so used in the common version of the New Testament.

12. **slight**, insignificant. **unmeritable**, devoid of merit.

14. **three-fold world**, Europe, Asia, and Africa. Asia was now held by the armies of Brutus and Cassius.

- Oct.* So you thought him; 15
 And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
 In our black sentence and proscription.
- Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
 And though we lay these honours on this man,
 To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads, 20
 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
 To groan and sweat under the business,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off, 25
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
 And graze in commons.
- Oct.* You may do your will;
 But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
- Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and for that 30
 I do appoint him store of provender:
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
 He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth; 35
 A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
 On abjects, orts, and imitations,
 Which, out of use and staled by other men,
 Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40
 Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius

18. Antony was forty years old; Octavius, twenty.

29-33. Is a "valiant soldier" but a well-trained animal?

32. to wind, wheel about.

34. in some taste, in a sense.

37. abjects, cast-off things. orts, scraps.

38, 39. A mere imitator, Lepidus takes up things after they have grown stale to others.

Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our best means stretched out;
And let us presently go sit in council, 45
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, TITINIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers;
LUCILIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master. 5

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish

48. *at the stake*, an allusion to bear-baiting, a popular Elizabethan sport; a bear tied to a stake was "bay'd about" by dogs, with which it fought. There are conspirators against the Triumvirs, as there were against Caesar. These they fear to leave behind them, hence the conscription.

Scene ii.—This Scene involves a great violation of the two cardinal "unities"—that of time and that of place. Sardis is in Lydia, in Asia Minor. The scene opens with the return of an officer, Lucilius, whom Brutus sent to Cassius. With Lucilius comes Pindarus, a servant of Cassius. It is important to keep the relations of Lucilius and Pindarus in mind.

7. *In his change*, etc., because of some change in himself, or because of ill-doings of his officers.

Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough; 15
But not with such familiar instances
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur, 25
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*]

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd. 30
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

13. he is not doubted. Why this insincerity?

16. familiar instances, familiar ways, or proofs of intimate regard.

21. enforced ceremony, "forced" politeness.

23. at hand, when held by the hand, under the rein. When put to
the test under the spur (l. 25) they prove worthless.

26. jades. worthless horses.

29. the horse, the cavalry.

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

35

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;

40

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;

45

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man

50

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

41. **be content**, “contain (or restrain) yourself” (Rolfe). Brutus wishes to avoid “a scene.”

46. **enlarge your griefs**, relate fully your grievances.

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.**Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off. 8

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
 To sell and mart your offices for gold 10
 To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
 You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption, 15
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:

Scene iii.—This scene in the tent is, dramatically, the most effective in the play. It sweeps almost every chord of human passion. Nearly every incident is at least suggested by Plutarch. Yet he does not more than furnish the warp with which Shakspeare interweaves the threads of his own fancy, producing two masterly character portraits. Coleridge says: "I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between Brutus and Cassius."

2. *noted*, openly disgraced; a technical legal term.

8. *nice*, slight. *his*, its; see note on I. ii., 124.

10. *condemn'd to have*, accused of having. *itching*, *i. e.*, for gold.

11. *mart*, market, *i. e.*, sell openly.

15. *honours*, the word may be taken in its usual sense, though spoken in bitter irony.

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours 25
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, 30
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself; 35
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

20. Does Brutus imply that some of the conspirators were villains, yet that even they stabbed "for justice' sake"?

23. Compare the reason here given for the killing of Caesar with that which Brutus gave to himself (II. i., 10-28) and to the people (III. ii., 28).

25, 26. Their **large honours** are compared to a great estate, and contrasted with a handful of gold.

32. **To make conditions**, *i. e.*, to decide upon what terms offices should be conferred (Craik). * See line 11.

39. **choler**, hot temper. See note on II. i., 250.

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
 Go show your slaves how cholerick you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
 Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch 45
 Under your testy humour? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; 55
 I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
 Did I say "better"?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not? 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
 I may do that I shall be sorry for. 65

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you 70

42. fret till, etc. It should be remembered that Brutus's own heart is breaking (lines 144-7).

70-76. Brutus's willingness to use money got "by vile means" seems a bald inconsistency. Is it in any way defensible?

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash 75
By any indirection;—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cas-
sius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, 80
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought 85
My answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults. 90

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come, 95
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

76. any indirection, any crookedness.

81. rascal, worthless. counters, metal disks used in counting.

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep 100
 My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart: 105
 Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
 better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour. 110
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, 115
 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me, 120
 When that rash humour which my mother gave
 me

Makes me forgetful?

103. *Plutus*, the god of riches.

110. *shall be* (attributed to) *humour*. On the doctrine of "the humours" see note on II. i., 250. Note other allusions in lines 116, 117 and 121 of this scene.

111. Who or what is the *lamb*? Brutus? or Cassius's own gentler nature? Whose anger is most like "a hasty spark"?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals; 125
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean? 130
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion. 135

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!
[*Exit* POET.]

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140

125-138. Does not the absurd incident of the Poet's intrusion fitly conclude the scene, in which we see what fools even great mortals may be—as in Homer the immortals are—when they lose their tempers? They quarrel much as schoolboys do, and make up in the same charmingly inconsequent manner. We have at least a view of the very human side of Brutus.

131, 132. **Love, and be friends**, etc., a loose rendering of Nestor's words, in the Iliad, to the quarreling leaders.

133. The mercurial Cassius passes easily from tears to laughter; Brutus, true to his type, has little sense of humor. **cynic**. Plutarch says the poet was a sham philosopher of the Cynic school.

137. **jiggling**, rhyming.

138. **Companion**, fellow, used in contempt.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use, 145
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so? 150
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death
That tidings came:—with this she fell distract, 155
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. 160

145. **your philosophy.** Brutus was of the Stoic school, which taught that the wise man will suppress all strong feeling, pleasant or painful; especially that he will meet "accidental evils" with equanimity. Cassius attributes Brutus's "ill temper" (l. 117) to worry over the natural vicissitudes of war.

156. **swallow'd fire.** Plutarch says she "choked herself" with the fumes of the charcoal.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius!

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,

165

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. [*Aside to* CASSIUS.] No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

170

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour,

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,

175

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

180

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

185

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

166. call in question, discuss.

186. Nothing, Messala. This might, of course, be true.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell: 190

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure. 195

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is: 200

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better. 205

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up, 210

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

193. **once**, sometime.

196. **in art**, in theory.

198. **our work alive**, work for those who are living (as opposed to grieving for the dead); or the work awaiting us, the living.

199. **presently**, immediately. So always in Shakspeare.

203. **offence**, injury.

205. **of force**, perforce, necessarily.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside, 215
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;
 The enemy increaseth every day:
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men, 220
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat;
 And we must take the current when it serves, 225
 Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest. 230
 There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [*Enter LUCIUS.*] My gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good Messala:
 Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
 Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother! 235
 This was an ill beginning of the night:

215. Under your pardon, as we say "I beg your pardon," when politely refusing to be interrupted.

220-6. There is a tide, etc. The figure is clear if we imagine a vessel in a shallow harbor which is shut in by a bar that can be crossed only at flood-tide, the "full sea" of the text.

226-7. As usual, Cassius accepts Brutus's "will," though not his judgment.

234-240. Note the warmth of their parting. "Only the brave know how to forgive"

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one. 240

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent. 245

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius. 250

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. 255

[*VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

243. **knave**, boy. Cf. Ger. *Knabe*.

257. **Bear with me**. Brutus has evidently charged Lucius with misplacing the book. He begs the boy's pardon. The almost womanly sympathy shown to the tired boy becomes very touching when we consider the "many griefs" with which his own heart is sick.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy: 260

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a song.*

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, 270

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down 275

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing? 280

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

267. **I will not hold thee, i. e., as a slave.**

270. **Lay'st thou thy leaden mace.** The figure is taken from the old custom of touching a man with the mace in token of arrest. Why "leaden"?

277. **How ill this taper burns.** It was an old belief that at the approach of a spirit the lights burned blue.

281. **Art thou some god, etc.** Apparently, at this first appearance of the ghost, Brutus does not recognize it as Caesar's, though he does so at

That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi. 285

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Exit GHOST.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. 290

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake! 295

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord. 300

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

[*To VARRO.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep? 305

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Philippi (V. v., 17-19). Plutarch does not state that the apparition was a "ghost" of any one, though he connects its appearance with the gods' displeasure at the killing of Caesar. He calls it "a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look."

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau.

It shall be done, my lord. 310

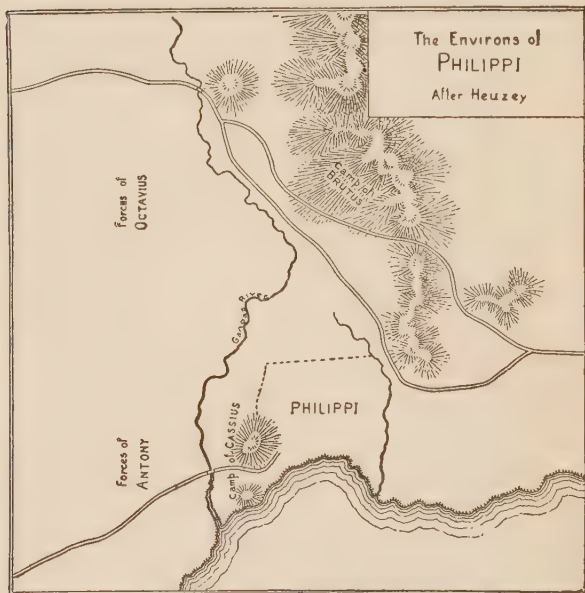
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;



This map will help one to follow the incidents of the last Act. We may suppose that Scene i. took place about midway between the opposing armies, perhaps on the banks of the river; Scene ii., beyond the river from Brutus's camp; Scenes iii., iv., and v., on and near the larger hill behind Cassius's camp. An intrenchment connected the camps of Brutus and Cassius.

1-6. Brutus and Cassius have marched north, crossed the Hellespont,

It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

5

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
 But 'tis not so.

10

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
 The enemy comes on in gallant show;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

15

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.* 20

Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

[*BRUTUS and CASSIUS advance.*

and taken positions on two hills near Philippi, in Macedonia. Against Cassius's advice Brutus determines to go down into the plain and risk a decisive battle.

4. battles, forces.

5. warn, challenge.

14. bloody sign of battle, *i. e.*, a scarlet military coat.

20. do so, *i. e.*, do as you desire. Others take it to mean: "I do not wish to cross you, yet I will do as I have said," *i. e.*, take the right wing, the position of honor. As a matter of fact the commanders fought in this order:

BRUTUS
 OCTAVIUS

CASSIUS
 ANTONY

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words. 25

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

[ANTONY and OCTAVIUS advance.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words: 30

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,

Crying "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too. 35

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar: 40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself: 45

24. answer on their charge, meet them when they attack.

27 ff. Note how much "in character" the words of each of the generals are. Brutus begins courteously (his "countrymen" seem almost conciliatory), and continues with dignity; Octavius is impatient to have the "arguing" over and the fighting begin, while both Antony and Cassius evidently enjoy the opportunity for freeing their minds. May we suppose from lines 27 and 29 that Brutus faintly hoped to make terms?

33. posture, character.

34. Hybla, in Sicily; famous for its honey.

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look,—

50

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

55

Br. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitor's hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Br. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

65

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Br. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. My lord?

[BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.

Cas. Messala!

70

47. That is, if Antony had shared Caesar's fate, as Cassius wished (II. i., 154-160).

62. a masker and a reveller (cf. II., ii., 116). Plutarch says that in Antony's house "they did nothing but feast, dance, and mask."

66. stomachs, appetites (for fighting).

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.¹

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away and gone;

And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd

To meet all perils very constantly.

[BRUTUS and LUCILIUS come forward.]

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

76. As Pompey was, i. e., at Pharsalia (not far from Philippi), where, when pressed by Caesar, he was forced by his officers to risk everything on one battle. So Cassius is "compelled" by Brutus.

78. held Epicurus strong, held strongly to Epicurus's opinion (that the gods never gave men omens).

95. An invocation: "May the gods stand friendly."

But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together: 100
 What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile, 105
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life:—arming myself with patience
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle, 110
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day 115
 Must end that work the ides of March begun;
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile; 120
 If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might know 125

102-9. I am determined (even by the rule, etc.) to await whatever is provided by the high powers that govern us below. **prevent**, anticipate, hasten. **time**, allotted time, end. **to stay**, to stay for, to await.

114-5. Apparently, Brutus's determination not to commit suicide gives way when he faces the possibility of "being led in triumph through the streets of Rome." "He bears too great a mind" for *that*.

The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Scene ii.—The Scene opens just after Brutus has gained "some advantage" over Octavius. He sends Messala to Cassius with a "wreath of victory" (iii., 81-3) and orders ("bills") to attack at once. Cassius mistakes Messala and his escort for enemies, which occasions the tragedy of the next scene.

Scene iii.—Antony's forces have routed those of Cassius, who, with an officer, is alone on a hill.

1. the villains, i. e., Cassius's own men.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord: 10
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, 15
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
 And here again; that I may rest assured
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20
 My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
 And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[*PINDARUS ascends the hill.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
 And where I did begin, there shall I end;
 My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news? 25

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above.*] Titinius is enclosed round about
 With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
 Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30
 Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
 He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

13. Cassius's eyesight was poor (line 21).

16. **yonder troops**, Messala and his escort.

25. **his compass**, "its course, here a circular one, ending where it began" (Wright).

29. **with horsemen**, those with Messala.

To see my best friend ta'en before my face! 85

[PINDARUS *descends*.]

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath; 40

Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,

That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;

And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,

Guide thou the sword. [PINDARUS *stabs him*.]

Caesar, thou art reveng'd, 45

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free!—yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit. 50

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate, 55

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

41. be a freeman, become a freeman. Cassius promises him liberty as a price for the service. To be legal this oral manumission would require witnesses.

But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. 65

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee! 70

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight. 75

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts? 80

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part: 85

65. *success*, "outcome, *i. e.*, what had happened to me" (Alden).

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Kills himself.*]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

94-6. Brutus, like Cassius (lines 45-6), recognizes now that it is 'Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge' (III. i., 270-5) against which they have fought. "In three years the tyrannicides of the Ides of March, with their aiders and abettors, were all dead; some killed in battle, some in prison, some dying by their own hand" (Froude).

104. *Thasos*, an island off the coast of Philippi. It was the naval base of Brutus and Cassius.

105. *funerals*, funeral services.

106. *discomfort*, discourage. *Lucilius, come.* Brutus once more turns from sorrowing for the dead to "work alive" (IV. iii., 198.)

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then
BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

5

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[Exit BRUTUS; CATO is overpowered and falls.]

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

10

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil.

Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!

15

Sec. Sol. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sol. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

12. "I yield only to die."

13. that, on condition that.

14. Kill Brutus. By this artifice Lucilius hopes to save the life of Brutus by losing his own. (Compare the devotion of Titinius to Cassius.) The remainder of the play gives a series of acts of devotion to friends and of generosity to foes.

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

25

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;

30

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How every thing is chanced.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

5

[*Whispers to* CLITUS.

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.

[*Whispers to* DARDANIUS.

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

[BRUTUS *stands apart.*

Scene v.—The battle is lost, and Brutus is to imitate the example of Cato, whom he has blamed.

2. Statilius show'd, etc. Plutarch says that Brutus sent Statilius to

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

10

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

15

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

25

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

30

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

see whether many of their men had been killed, it being agreed, "if all were well, that he would lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return again with speed."

32, 33. *Strato, thou hast*, etc. Another last touch of gentleness toward human frailty. The "thou" shows that Strato was a servant.

I found no man but he was true to me.

35

I shall have glory by this losing day

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

40

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru.

Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

45

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword, and falls.*] Caesar, now be still:

50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

55

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

46. *smatch*, smack, taste.

50, 51. *Caesar, now be still*, etc. Like those of Cassius, the last words of Brutus are addressed to Caesar. Might not the whole play have been called "Caesar's Revenge"? With his death Brutus prays Caesar to be satisfied, henceforth to "be still." Does Shakspeare reconcile us to Brutus's fate? Ought he to do so?

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it. 65

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar; 70

He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, "This was a man!" 75

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So call the field to rest; and let's away 80

To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]

62. **prefer**, recommend, turn over.

69-72. Plutarch says that Antony several times expressed this opinion of Brutus's motives.

73-5. **His life was gentle**, etc. This passage has been often applied to Shakspeare himself. The four "elements" were: air, earth, water, and fire. In the poet's figure we may imagine Nature to have long bent to the task of making a perfect mixture of these elements and to have risen at last satisfied, showing unashamed to the world her consummate handiwork. Is there any element of nobility which Brutus lacks? Is any one out of proportion to the others? Are his errors of judgment due to any subtle faults of character?

APPENDIX.

INTERPRETATION OF THE PLAY.

The Leading Characters.

If the originality of Shakspeare is shown in the construction of the *plot* of the play, despite his indebtedness to Plutarch for the materials used in its construction (see p. 24), much more is it shown in the *characters* of the play. The main characters are not Plutarch's, they are creations of the poet. His Caesar, for instance, is as truly a creation as is Michael Angelo's "David," in which the greater sculptor simply reshaped the work of an inferior one. The French critic Taine well says: "Shakspeare is the most marvelous of all creators of souls." Let us look at some of these creations in our play.

JULIUS CAESAR

The Caesar of our play is not the Caesar of history. It is, indeed, historically true that the great dictator's character deteriorated somewhat in his last days. But the kindly-spoken, large-souled, steady-willed Caesar never became the arrogant, irresolute creature that struts and frets in the first part of our play. Shakspeare's Caesar boasts in the Senate that he alone among men is constant, as is the northern star among its fellows in the firmament; yet in the unreserve of his home he is as wavering as a will-o'-the-wisp. He craves flattery, though affecting to

scorn it. He uses his own name as if it were that of a divinity. He and Danger are "two lions litter'd in one day," and he "the elder and more terrible." This is almost insanity. In the play, even physical weaknesses of Caesar are dwelt on: his strength fails him in the Tiber; in his fever he cries "like a sick girl"; he is become deaf; he falls in a fit of epilepsy. The picture, as a whole, is absolutely unhistoric. To what shall we attribute this distortion of fact? Some, as Boswell and Brandes, take it as evidence of the poet's ignorance of history. But in the second part of our play, as in other of his plays, there is ample evidence that Shakspeare appreciated the greatness of Caesar. The moment Caesar falls, depreciation almost entirely ceases. Brutus's harshest word in his address to the mob is, "He was ambitious." To Cassius he asserts that Caesar had lent his support to dishonest men, but in the same breath calls him "the foremost man of all this world." When Antony is alone with the "bleeding piece of earth," and is therefore not speaking for effect, Shakspeare puts into his lips an address to

"——the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times."

Shakspeare's purpose in the play is clear, I think, if we suppose him to intend that our *personal* interest shall center in Brutus, that he shall be, to use the phrase of Professor R. M. Alden, the "moral hero" of the play, as Caesar, in the body and out of the body, is its "dramatic hero." That he may bring Brutus before us in heroic stature, he dwarfs the colossal Caesar. That we may not be repelled from Brutus by "the hole he made in Caesar's heart," he shows that heart so small and hollow as to invite its fate. Brutus appears the more nobly unselfish because of the ignoble self-worship of Caesar.

But when the great crime is done, and, in the second part of the play, it becomes necessary to prepare us to accept the retribution upon Brutus for his great though unintended wrong, the dramatist becomes silent as to Caesar's faults and exalts his virtues. This inconsistency of the two presentments of Caesar is indeed an artistic defect, but consistency would have been a greater one.

BRUTUS

Marcus Brutus is undoubtedly the center of the personal interest in the play. He is, says Mr. Morley, "the most perfect character in Shakspeare, but for one great error in his life." He alone exhibits sustained elevation of character. Antony's devotion to Caesar is noble; so also is his tribute to his fallen foe, Brutus (though this is really a lime-light thrown, as the curtain falls, upon Brutus himself, leaving in our memory the incomparable Man); but Antony elsewhere falls to very low levels. Portia but reflects her husband's own nobility, while her distracted fear throws into relief his own massive poise; this massiveness in turn makes more gracious his tenderness to her. Lucius, the slave boy, is carried through the play to give touching occasion for the exquisite sympathy of his master, who forgets the overwhelming burdens of his own spirit to remember the mere flesh-weariness of the child. Cassius's cynicism is a constant foil to Brutus's warm and simple-minded faith, which leads him to say:

"I rejoice that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me."

The selfish motive of all the other conspirators makes Brutus's self-sacrificing course more appealing. Through-

out the play the characters seem drawn and the action arranged to converge our admiration and love upon this noblest Roman of them all.

Yet Shakspeare is too true to his art and to life to portray a faultless character. Brutus is fretful with his wife (II. i., 238-247); he is confessedly "ill-tempered" with Cassius; he is rather too conscious and assertive of his "honor." He knows the times are out of joint, but utterly misjudges why they are so and how they may be set right. Our play has often been compared to that of *Hamlet*, and Brutus to the Prince of Denmark himself. Both Brutus and Hamlet are swayed by lofty ideals of personal and public duty; but both men are purely idealists. Lacking in practical judgment, both as to ends and means, each feels called upon to act a heroic part for which he is unfitted and in which he pitifully fails. But Brutus has the heroic will, which Hamlet has not.

CASSIUS

Cassius is "a great observer," who "looks quite through the deeds of men." He rightly judges Antony, whose death he would add to Caesar's: he is not deceived by Antony's fine acting in the Capitol, and would not have him suffered to speak to the people; while Brutus seeks to move Antony by talking of "honor," Cassius talks to him of a share in the spoils. Cassius sees also, or thinks he sees, that even Brutus's "honourable metal may be wrought From that it is disposed," and so waters the seeds of envy and ambition which he believes lie latent in Brutus's heart. He indeed says to Brutus: "Honour is the subject of my story (I. ii., 92)"; but the story that follows shows that "honour" means to him much what it does to the duelist, not what it does to the patriot. Selfish

motives sway Cassius habitually, he does all "in envy of great Caesar," who rightly says of him:

"Such men be never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves."

But Cassius is not a strong character, and his part in the action of the play is relatively unimportant. He leads Brutus into the conspiracy, but at once surrenders its direction and that of the subsequent war into Brutus's hands. He protests against Brutus's fatal misjudgments as to Antony and against his strategic blunders in the campaign; but his opposition is ineffective and serves no other purpose, it seems, than to bring out the fatal—and dramatically fated—weakness of Brutus's judgment, so contrasted with his mastering strength of will. Throughout the play Cassius is but a foil to Brutus. This is notably true in the quarrel scene in the tent; there Brutus deals with him as an angry mastiff might with a terrier, which finally crawls to lick the big dog's paws. Cassius is not incapable of generous passions, as is shown in his evident devotion to Brutus. It is exhibited also in his self-accusing grief at Titinius's supposed capture; but it is a hysterical grief, which leads to weak despair, and while the battle is still undecided he bribes a slave to kill him. It is only when all is lost that Brutus takes his own life.

ANTONY

Antony is presented in the first part of the play as a light-hearted "reveler," of whom we, like Brutus, expect little. But Cassius knows him as "a shrewd contriver." A consummate schemer he shows himself, and as bold as adroit. At the moment of Caesar's fall Antony drops his revelry and steps forth as the commanding figure in the

action. His forensic triumph, won by means that we feel are adequate to the end, is easily the dramatic climax of the play: facing an unfriendly mob he lifts an apparently defeated cause to a power which nothing can defeat. In the conference with Octavius in Rome he is the leader, and if he yields at Philippi to the imperious demand of Octavius for command of the right wing, he shows strength rather than weakness in avoiding a rupture in that "exigent." It is upon Antony, with the dead Brutus, that our eyes are fixed in the last scene. His generous praise of his defeated foe and his heroic loyalty to Caesar, in whom his love is deeply "ingrafted," show some elements of magnanimity. In Brutus's civic virtue Antony does not share; nor in Brutus's humanity and sense of personal justice, as is seen in the heartless proscription to which he is a party and in his meanly selfish treatment of Lepidus.

OCTAVIUS

Although historically far greater than any other of the characters except Caesar, Octavius's part in the play is rather slight. He shares with the other triumvirs the guilt of the "black sentence and proscription"; he is imperiously defiant toward his foes before the battle, and magnanimous to them after it. His main function in the play is to give "Caesar's spirit," which dominates the second part of the play, a personal symbol; he is that spirit incarnated.

PORTIA AND CALPURNIA

Portia has been called a "softened reflection" of Brutus. She does reflect something of his mingled strength and tenderness and of his noble pride of character. It is not, however, the steady reflection of a mirror, but the tremulous one of a pool. The image is blurred as well as

softened. When Brutus goes to the Capitol she acts almost hysterically; and when she hears of his military reverses she falls "distract" and kills herself, thus needlessly adding to the crushing load on his heart. In the *Merchant of Venice* the Portia of that play and "Brutus's Portia" are likened in their wifely devotion. But Bassanio's wife has the poise and good sense, together with a womanly winsomeness, which Brutus's wife does not exhibit, as, indeed, she has little occasion to exhibit.

As compared with Portia, Calpurnia is a much slighter character. She is, however, affectionate, and acts much as any wife would in the same circumstances.

The two domestic scenes are doubtless introduced, in part, to give relief from the prevailing duplicity and bloodiness. In part also they serve to reveal to us the true characters of the two heroes, whom we there see behind the scenes. Brutus treats his wife with knightly courtesy and a lover's tenderness; Caesar is not unloving, but is querulous and self-centered. It is, we may suppose, chiefly to give occasion for the two men to disclose themselves, in the intimate unreserve of the home, that their wives are introduced.

THE COMMONERS

The Commoners appear in the first Scene of the play and, as "Citizens," in the last two scenes of the third Act. We have also Casca's cynical account of them in I. ii., 242-276. As it is really "the vulgar" who decide the fate of the conspiracy, it is important to form a definite judgment of them. Such judgment, moreover, will help us in testing the quite common opinion that Shakspere, as "a poet of feudalism," regarded "the people" with slight respect.

In judging the commoners of our play it should be remembered that, except in the opening lines, we see them in the mass and under the spell of commanding oratory or personality. All men in the mass are strangely easily swayed by eloquent speech or eloquent character. Have not senates been carried off their feet by oratory less compelling than that of Marullus, or that of Antony? Have they not yielded to the spell of personalities less imposing than that of Brutus?

We should also consider the character of the motives by which the "vulgar" is swayed. If we analyze the speeches we will see that they assume in the hearers intelligence, conscience, and generous feeling. Antony does, indeed, appeal to their self-interest when he produces Caesar's will. But their response to this appeal hardly argues exceptional selfishness; it is, moreover, less controlling than their unselfish, indignant pity for Caesar, which makes them so "forget the will" that Antony has to remind them of it.

It is also to be noted that the commoners are not without convictions and the courage of them. Though loyal to Caesar, they applaud his refusal of the crown; and though they reverence Brutus, they imperiously demand reasons for his course. Though unfriendly to Antony, they give him a ready and fair hearing. It is true that in the scene with Cinna, the poet, we have the crowd, which had wished to hear and "compare reasons," become a mob, which listens to no reasons. But there are some grounds, suggested in the notes, for thinking that Shakspeare did not mean this scene to be taken too seriously. At worst, are not the generally well-meaning citizens the victims, in that scene, of the "mob mania," from which senates are not exempt, and which concern the moralist less than the alienist?

OTHER CHARACTERS

Cicero, who might have become the leader of the conspirators but who "will never follow anything that other men begin," is introduced partly for the historic interest of the man. He is, also, a foil to Casca, with whose horror at the prodigies of the night before the murder, a horror which an Elizabethan audience would thoroughly understand, the philosophic unconcern of Cicero is in marked contrast. As for Casca, he is a typical blusterer. Ligarius serves to show the blind faith which Brutus's character inspires, and Lucius brings out the exquisite tenderness of his master. The remaining characters are unimportant.

The Significance of the Play.

Various interpretations of the play as a whole may be grouped into two classes.

First: interpretations which recognize in the play "no specific, no intentional moral." (a) Some critics suppose that Shakspeare was mainly, if not wholly, intent on interpreting and satisfying the popular taste. "What he was chiefly thinking of," says Mr. H. W. Alden, "was to take a first-rate story and make a first-rate play of it for his Elizabethan audiences." The time in which the play was written was one of disillusion, of political and spiritual unrest, of deepening sense of human fault and frailty. Of this mood Puritanism was the religious expression, "Julius Caesar" and the other tragedies of this period an expression in drama. (b) Others who find no distinct "purpose" in the play see in it a reflection of the poet's own mood, rather than that of his time. "The historical plays," says Dowden, "are documents written all over with

facts about Shakspeare." Our play reflects the poet's temperamental melancholy, intensified by bereavement and perhaps, as his sonnets seem to imply, by some betrayal.

Second: interpretations which recognize in the play some distinct teaching, more or less designedly taught. As to what this lesson is, opinions widely vary. (a) One view is expressed, not very consistently, by Mr. Furnival: "The lesson of Julius Caesar is, that vengeance, death, shall follow rebellion for insufficient cause, for misjudging the political state of one's country, and misjudging the means—taking unlawful ones—to attain your ends: Do not evil that good may come. . . . What made Shakspeare produce this historical play in 1601? Why, Essex's ill-judged rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, on Sunday, February 8, 1601. . . . He was taken prisoner, tried, and executed on February 25." (b) Mr. Morley sees a twofold purpose: "It paints feeble man in greed of the empire, and tyrannicide as worse than fruitless."

(c) In the judgment of Mr. Galton the main motive of the play is not governmental but personal. It is to teach that "any false dealing with friendship, with human affection, is surely, slowly punished."

(d) To others, as Ulrici and Barrett Wendell, the lesson is not primarily one of either political or personal ethics. It is that of the inevitableness of History, of the natural course of events, fulfilling, says Ulrici, "the eternal counsels of God." In this aspect history may be figured as a great river, fed by innumerable streams of tendency, great and little. It flows out of the past, through the present, into the future, sometimes silently, sometimes with the tumult of Niagara, but always resistlessly, and always in the course which the nature of things has ordained. It is beyond the will of any man to divert it from its course, still less can he stop its inexorable movement.

Caesar tried to do the former, Brutus the latter; both were overwhelmed by it.

“No man,” says Ulrici, “even though he were as mighty as Cæsar and as noble as Brutus, is sufficiently great to guide history according to his own will. . . . Antony, on the other hand, with Octavius and Lepidus—the talented voluptuary, the clever actor, and the good-natured simpleton—although not half so powerful and noble as their opponents, come off victorious, because, in fact, they but followed the course of history and knew how to make use of it.”¹

Of course, the acceptance of one of the above interpretations does not necessarily require the rejection of all the others. Shakspeare may have meant to teach more than one lesson; or if he was mainly intent on making a play that would take with his audiences, yet, as Mr. Alden says, “like everything else done thoroughly well for a particular time and place, the result had a permanent value, showing forth universal lessons of human life and conduct, which outlast the original purpose.”

THE PLAY AS VERSE: VERSE AS A FORM OF MUSIC.

As printed or written a word is simply a symbol, not differing in function from an algebraic symbol. For example, the word “minus” as here printed is simply a certain group of lines which conveys to the mind, through the eye, a certain idea; the sign “—” is a single line which stands for the same idea and conveys it to the mind in the same way. But a *spoken* word is something more than a symbol; its sound has an effect on the ear quite

¹ Shakespeare's Dramatic Art (trans. by L. D. Smitz), ii., 197.

apart from that which it has upon the mind. Rightly chosen and arranged, as they are in good verse, word-sounds are as capable of musical effects as are the sounds of a flute. Verse is, indeed, simply a form of music. "For all purposes of verse," says Mr. Sidney Lanier, "words are unquestionably musical sounds produced by a reed-instrument—the human voice. . . . There is absolutely no difference between the sound-relations used in music and those used in verse."¹ A poetical drama has, therefore, a subtle accompaniment of music, securing continuously something of the effect which is occasionally secured in the more impressive scenes of a modern prose-drama by orchestral accompaniment. The dullest ear must detect the music in such lines as these:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

MERCHANT OF VENICE, V. i.

The musical effects of verse are secured mainly by three means: Euphony, Rhyme, and Rhythm.

EUPHONY.—The words of Lorenzo above quoted "creep in our ears" with something of the "sweet harmony" to which he and Jessica listened. As somewhat of this musical quality is found in good prose as well as in poetry, it cannot be due to the rhythm merely. It is due in part to the very sounds of the words and phrases, which please the ear as do single tones and phrases in music.

RHYME.—This device pleases the ear by the measured recurrence of a sound. By rhyme we usually mean the repetition of a sound at the close of lines; this is called

¹ The Science of English Verse, I., 48, 49.

end-rhyme, as distinguished from *initial-rhyme*, or alliteration. In his early plays Shakspeare followed the fashion in using end-rhymes freely. But, as Milton did, he came to feel the unfitness of rhyme for a long poem. In his later plays it is used rarely, as in *Julius Caesar*, or not at all. When used it is (1) in moments of dramatic intensity, or (2) at the close of scenes, to indicate such close to the audience, for the Elizabethan theater had no drop-curtain. (Cf., in our play, the closing lines of I. ii; II. iii; V. iii. and v.) Initial-rhyme, or alliteration, he always used freely. In its strict sense alliteration is the occurrence of the same *letter* at the *beginning* of words near together; but as alliteration is addressed to the ear and not the eye the term may be applied to the occurrence of the same *sound* or similar sounds *anywhere* in words near together. As so used its musical value is illustrated in the lines:

“And after this, let Caesar seat him sure.” I. ii., 322.

“After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well;” Macb. III. ii.

RHYTHM.—This is the measured recurrence of *stress*, or accent, as rhyme is the recurrence of a particular *sound*. There is the distinct musical effect of a drum-beat in such a line as:

“You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!” I. i., 38.

Such a line is commonly called an iambic pentameter; that is, it may be divided into five feet of two syllables each, the second syllable of each foot being accented. This is the typical line. In his earliest plays Shakspeare sought to conform all of his lines to this type. But he soon saw that unvarying meter, like constant use of rhyme, hampered his expression and tired the hearer; so he increas-

ingly varied his lines in a number of ways, some of which are here noted.

1. Variation in *the number of syllables in a line*. This varies in our play from two to thirteen.

“ Begone ! ” I. i., 56.

“ Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius. ” II. i., 165.

Such extremes are very rare, but lines with nine or eleven syllables are common. Those with twelve or thirteen are usually called Alexandrines, although some restrict the term to such lines as have six stresses.

2. Variation in *the number of stresses*, or accents, in a line. Hardly one line in three has, according to Dr. E. A. Abbott, the full number of five distinct stresses; about two lines in three have four such stresses. It is, however, contended by some that in every foot one of the syllables has at least a slight stress and that, therefore, every line that is naturally divisible into five feet has the normal number of stresses. But few ears, I think, will detect any stress whatever in such feet as those italicized in the following lines:

“ There is | a tide | *in the* | affairs | of men,
Which, ta|ken at | the flood, | leads on | to for|tune.”

IV. iii., 220-1.

Shakspeare was wholly unconcerned about uniformity in other matters of verse-form, or, rather, was careful to avoid strict uniformity; it is improbable, therefore, that he himself was at all concerned that each fifth part of each line should be stressed. Occasional omissions of stress we may well accept as one of the instinctive, rather than studied, devices that lend to the music of his words its varied melody and seemingly artless grace. A foot of two unaccented syllables is called a pyrrhic, a name bor-

rowed, as were those of the other feet, from the Greeks, whose prosody, however, was quite different from ours.

3. Variation in *the number of syllables to a stress*. If the following lines be spoken naturally the number of syllables to a stress will vary from one to three:

“Friends, | Romans, | countrymen, | lend me | your ears.”

III. ii., 76.

4. Variation in *the kind of feet*. In the line just quoted, “Romans” is a trochee, and “countrymen” a dactyl. The last foot is the only iambus in the line. The first foot in a line and the foot following the cesural pause are often trochees, as:

“Looks in | the clouds, | *scorning* | the base | degrees.”

II. i., 26.

5. Variation in *the position of the cesura*, the pause within the line. In the following lines the cesural pause comes after the first (or seventh), the third, and the fourth syllables respectively.

“Here, | under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus | is an honourable man;

So are they all, | all honourable men—” III. ii., 84-6.

6. Variation in *the verse-endings*. In the lines below it will be seen that there is an extra, unstressed syllable at the end of each; this is called a “feminine (or double) ending.” It will also be noticed that there is no pause at the end of the first line, the sense runs on to the next one; a line without a pause sufficient to call for at least a comma is therefore called a “run-on line.”

“Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers

Hack’d one another in the sides of Caesar.” V. i., 39-40.

Few now deny that such variations enrich rather than mar the music of the fundamental cadence. How steadily and how far Shakspeare departed from the stiffly regular rhymed verse of the earlier playwrights is shown by a comparison of our play with two others—*Love's Labour's Lost*, probably the earliest of his plays, and *A Winter's Tale*, perhaps the latest. The figures given, which are based on several authorities, show with approximate accuracy the percentages of the several variations in each play.

	Feminine endings.	Run-on lines.	Unrhymed lines.
<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>	4	5.5	33
<i>Julius Caesar</i>	16.2	17.2	98.5
<i>A Winter's Tale</i>	31.9	47.3	100

The relative number of the above and other less important variations in any play is thus a means of determining the probable date of its writing.

THE DATE OF THE PLAY.

Julius Caesar is not known to have been published before it appeared in the First Folio, the earliest collected edition of the plays; this was issued in 1623, six years after the poet's death. There is, however, general agreement that the play was written in or about 1601. For the date the chief indications in the play itself are those already noted: the number of variations from the typical verse, the subject of the play, and its general tone; these all point, more or less clearly, to the early part of the Third Period. Other works also aid in fixing the date of

this. In 1601 appeared Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, in which are the following lines:

"The many-headed multitude was drawn
By Brutus's speech that Caesar was ambitious;
When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

It is probable—though, I think, not quite certain—that there is allusion here to the speeches in our play; and as *Julius Caesar* is not given in Francis Meres's list of Shakspeare's plays, which was published in 1598, it was apparently written between that date and the date of publication of Weever's book. It was probably the first of the great tragedies, having been followed by its companion play, *Hamlet*, in which there seems to be an allusion to our play when Polonius says (III. ii):

"I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed in the Capitol; Brutus killed me."

SHAKSPERE AND PLUTARCH.

The dramatic possibilities of the career of Julius Caesar had not escaped the eyes of playwrights when Shakspeare wrote his tragedy, but our author seems not to have been indebted to any earlier play. His one source, apparently, was Plutarch's *Lives* of Caesar, Brutus, and Antony. The version used by him was that of Sir Thomas North, translated not from the Greek but from a French version. To "North's Plutarch" Shakspeare's indebtedness is great. To the Greek biographer he owes not only the plot of our play but numerous details not essential to the plot. To the English translator he owes frequent turns of expression, some of which seem distinctly Shak-

sperean in flavor. The nature and extent of the indebtedness to Plutarch is suggested by the following enumeration, the wording of which is largely taken from Mr. A. W. Verity's admirable edition of the play. For students who may wish to make comparison of the text of the play with that of North's version of the biographies, references are made, by page numbers, to Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch*.

ACT I

SCENE 1.—Offense at Caesar's "triumph over Pompey's blood" (91). The tribunes "disrobe the images" of Caesar (96).

This admirable prelude is almost wholly Shakespeare's.

SCENE 2.—Antony "doth run his course" at the Lupercalia (95-6; 163). The warning of the Soothsayer (98). The interview between Cassius and Brutus (112-3). Caesar's description of "that spare Cassius" (97; 111). Caesar's refusal of the crown (96); his "falling" sickness; his "plucking ope his doublet" (95). The "writings" to incite Brutus (97; 112).

The long discussion between Brutus and Cassius, which reveals the men and the times as no action could do, has but the slight suggestion of Plutarch:

Now when Cassius felt his friends, and did stir them up against Cæsar, they all agreed, and promised to take part with him, so Brutus were the chief of their conspiracy. . . . Therefore Cassius, considering this matter with himself, did first of all speak to Brutus, since they grew strange together for the suit they had for the prætorship.

SCENE 3.—The omens (97).

Lines 3-28 of this scene are a good instance of the "rich mantle of poetry" which Shakspeare has thrown over all he borrowed. Compare the description put on the lips of Cassius with the prosaic account of Plutarch:

For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt.

Cassius's interview with Casca (ll. 41-132) has no suggestion in Plutarch.

ACT II

SCENE 1.—No oath taken by the conspirators; the decision not to include Cicero (114). Brutus's refusal to have Antony killed (119; 164). Portia's wound and her interview with Brutus (115). Brutus and Ligarius (113).

The self-revelations of Brutus by his treatment of Lucius and in his soliloquy are wholly Shakspeare's. So also is the night meeting of the conspirators.

SCENE 2.—Calpurnia's dream (98; 117). The victim without a heart (98). Caesar and Decius (99).

SCENE 3.—Artemidorus and his petition (90).

SCENE 4.—Portia sends messages to Brutus (117).

ACT III

SCENE 1.—The warnings of the Soothsayer (98) and of Artemidorus (99). The incident of Popilius Lena (117-8). The drawing Antony aside; the suit for Publius Cimber (118). The killing of Caesar (100-1; 118-9). Brutus, against the wish of Cassius, allows Antony "to speak in the order of Caesar's funeral" (121).

The highly dramatic incident of the bathing in Caesar's blood is Shakspeare's; so also is the scene, perhaps the most

impressive in the play, when Antony is alone with the "bleeding piece of earth." The interview of Antony and the conspirators has but the slightest suggestion from Plutarch.

SCENE 2.—Brutus speaks to the people (120). Antony delivers a funeral oration over the body of Caesar and exhibits the blood-stained robe (121; 165). Caesar's will is read (121). The "mutiny and rage" of the people; the flight of Brutus and Cassius (122; 165). Arrival of Octavius (123; 166).

Shakspeare's genius is seen at its best in this scene. The soliloquy of Antony over Caesar's body, given in the preceding scene, and his superb oration over it, given in this, are the finest passages of the play. For the soliloquy there is, as before stated, no suggestion in Plutarch; for the oration there is only the statement, in the *Life of Antony*:

When Caesar's body was brought to the place where it should be buried, he made a funeral oration in commendation of Caesar, according to the ancient custom of praising noble men at their funerals. When he saw that the people were very glad and desirous also to hear Caesar spoken of, and his praises uttered, he mingled his oration with lamentable words; and by amplifying of matters did greatly move their hearts and affections unto pity and compassion. In fine, to conclude his oration, he unfolded before the whole assembly the bloody garments of the dead, thrust through in many places with their swords, and called the malefactors cruel and cursed murderers.

In the *Life of Caesar* it is stated that the people were inflamed when "they saw his body (which was brought into the market place) all bemangled with gashes of swords"; but this is not connected with Antony's speech. Nor is the reading of the will, which occurred at another time. For the oration of Brutus there is the mere statement that "a great number of men being assembled together one

after another, Brutus made an oration unto them, to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done." Historically, the killing of Caesar occurred on March 15, the public reading of the will on March 18, the funeral on March 19 or 20, and the return of Octavius in May. Shakspeare secures the dramatic effect of unity of time by having all these events occur in one day.

SCENE 3.—Cinna's dream and the assault of the mob (102-3; 122).

Shakspeare throws into the account characteristic touches of grim humor.

ACT IV

SCENE 1.—The meeting of the triumvirs; their proscriptions (128; 169).

SCENE 2.—The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius; the intrusion of the poet (134-5). The manner of Portia's death (151). Dispute as to campaign (138-9). The appearing of Caesar's ghost (103-4; 136).

In the dispute over Lucius Pella our author follows the historian very closely. But for the general quarrel which ensues there is the bare statement that "they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a-weeping." Lines 28-124, introduced to exhibit qualities in the two leaders which are not shown elsewhere, are wholly Shakspeare's. So also is the incident of Brutus's treatment of Lucius, an exquisite interlude between the tense scene of the quarrel and that of the apparition. In the latter scene the poet follows, at times literally, the account in North:

So, being ready to go into Europe, one night very late (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come

in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither? The spirit answered him, "I am thy evil spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes." Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: "Well, then I shall see thee again." The spirit presently vanished away: and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all.

Even the incident of the lamp's burning low is taken from Plutarch; it is given in the *Life* of Caesar.

ACT V

SCENE 1.—The conversation of Cassius and Messala (139). The omens of the "two mighty eagles" (137). The discussion of Brutus and Cassius on suicide (139-140).

SCENE 2.—Brutus pushes Octavius hard; he sends horsemen to Cassius (142).

SCENE 3.—Cassius, failing to stay the rout of his troops, retreats to the hill (142-3). Brutus's horsemen meet Titinius; Cassius, thinking that Titinius is captured, kills himself; Titinius also kills himself (143). Brutus laments over Cassius, "the last of all the Romans" (144).

SCENE 4.—The manner of young Cato's death; the device of Lucilius to save Brutus (148-9).

SCENE 5.—The manner of Brutus's death; Strato enters the service of Octavius; Octavius gives Brutus's body honorable burial (151). Antony's tribute to Brutus (130).

According to Plutarch it was at another time that Antony declared "that of all them that had slain Caesar, there was none but Brutus only that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of itself: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him."

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